TWELVE MONKEYS

An original screenplay by

David Peoples
&
Janet Peoples

Inspired by

LA JETEE, a Chris Marker Film

Production Draft
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Director: Terry Gilliam
Producers: Charles Roven
Robert Cavallo
Executive Producer: Bob Kosberg

FADE IN:

INT. CONCOURSE/AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

CLOSE ON A FACE. A nine year old boy, YOUNG COLE, his eyes wide with wonder, watching something intently. We HEAR the sounds of the P.A. SYSTEM droning Flight Information mingled with the sounds of urgent SHOUTS, running FEET, EXCLAMATIONS.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: twenty yards away, a BLONDE MAN is sprawled on the floor, blood oozing from his gaudy Hawaiian shirt.

A BRUNETTE in a tight dress, her face obscured from YOUNG COLE'S view, rushes to the injured man, kneels beside him, ministering to his wound.

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, flanked by his PARENTS, their faces out of view, as they steer him away.

FATHER'S VOICE (o.s.)
Come on, Son --this is no place for us.

YOUNG COLE resists momentarily, mesmerized by the drama.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: intermittantly visible through a confusion of FIGURES rushing through the foreground, the BLONDE MAN reaching up and touching the cheek of the kneeling BRUNETTE in a gesture of enormous tenderness, a gesture of farewell, while the P.A. SYSTEM continues its monotonous monotone...

P.A. SYSTEM
Flight 784 for San Francisco is now ready for boarding at inmate number 66578, Greely...

INT. PRISON DORMITORY/FUTURE - ETERNAL NIGHT

PRISON P.A. SYSTEM
--number 5429, Garcia -- number 87645, Cole...

COLE, late thirties, dark hair, comes awake in a bunk cage, one of many stacked four high along both sides of a long dim corridor. He blinks in the near dark, shaken, disoriented.

Then, as he "recovers" from his very vivid dream, WE GET OUR FIRST LOOK AT HIS ENVIRONMENT...A WINDOWLESS UNDERGROUND WORLD OF ETERNAL NIGHT SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE...AN ALMOST COLORLESS "REALITY" OF BLURRED EDGES AND ECHOEY SOUNDS, MUCH MORE "DREAMLIKE" THAN HIS DREAM.

Flashlights glare. In the half-light, COLE sees spooky figures, GUARDS, moving among the locked bunk/cages.

COLE turns and whispers to the occupant of the next cage, JOSE...

COLE
Sssssst! Jose, what's going on?

JOSE'S face is almost lost in shadow. What there is of it is youthful. He's just a scared Puerto Rican kid!

JOSE
"Volunteers" again.

JOSE immediately rolls over and feigns sleep as SCARFACE, a menacing guard with a jagged scar running down his cheek, looms close to COLE's cage and unlocks it.

SCARFACE
"Volunteer duty".

The PRISONERS in the other cages watch silently with narrowed eyes.

COLE
I didn't volunteer.

SCARFACE
You causing trouble again?

COLE
(controls his temper)
No trouble.

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - ETERNAL NIGHT

COLE's alone, struggling to get into what looks like a space suit in a room where suits hang like ghosts with blank eyes.

TITLES BEGIN SUPERED OVER THE SCENE

COLE has the torso of the suit on now and is trying to close it.

OFFSCREEN VOICE (o.s.)
All openings must be closed.

COLE looks for the source of the voice, a tiny grate in the wall.

OFFSCREEN VOICE (o.s.)
If the integrity of the suit is compromised in any way, if the fabric is torn or a zipper not closed, readmittance will be denied.

INT. SEALED CHAMBER - MINUTES LATER (ETERNAL NIGHT)

COLE, wearing the "space suit" and a helmet with a plastic visor, steps into a tiny chamber, a kind of air lock. The heavy door clangs shut behind him. He's alone. COLE'S breath comes quicker now as he sucks oxygen from the air tanks on his back.

On the opposite wall is another door with a huge wheel lock. COLE turns the heavy wheel, opens the door steps through it.

INT. ELEVATOR - SECONDS LATER (ETERNAL NIGHT)

COLE'S in an ascending elevator that groans and creaks. He looks down at a crudely drawn map he holds in his gloved hand.

The map shows a series of tunnels and ladders.

INT. SEWER PIPE - MINUTES LATER (NIGHT)

COLE pans a flashlight, probing the filthy sewer he's wading through.

RATS flee the blade of light, scurry across islands of rusting junk.

The flashlight beam settles on a ladder mounted in the wall.

Reaching the rusted ladder, COLE starts to climb awkwardly.

EXT. CITY STREET/FUTURE - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT)

A SCRAPING NOISE as a heavy man-hole cover is pushed up and moved aside. COLE'S helmeted head emerges from below.

COLE'S POV THROUGH HIS PLASTIC-VISORED HELMET: a city in moonlight! A surreal image of abandoned buildings. No people anywhere. The only sounds are the WIND and COLE'S BREATHING.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - MINUTES LATER (NIGHT)

COLE'S light reveals abandoned vine-covered automobiles.

Moving to the nearest car, COLE searches in the vines for something. Finds it. An insect.

COLE takes the bug in his gloved hand. As he clumsily inserts it into a collection tube, something makes him turn.

There's something across the street in the dark. Something alive.

COLE points his flashlight and reveals...a BEAR! Startled by the light, the animal blinks, then stands on its rear legs and ROARS.

ANGLE ON COLE, staring wide-eyed.

Then, the BEAR sinks down onto all fours and, trying to avoid the flashlight, it pads quickly down the street.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Using the flashlight to see, COLE reaches down to the cracked floor and gets another specimen. DOGSHIT!

The only sound is COLE'S labored BREATHING.

Then, a different SOUND. GRRRR! A dog. More GRRRRS. More dogs! Then, a YIP. Then, VICIOUS GROWLS. It's a DOGFIGHT!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FIRST LIGHT)

A giant OWL, perched on an overhead traffic light, raises its wings and lifts off...rising higher and higher into the brightening sky.

Below, on the street, COLE trudges along, passing deserted buildings, windows broken, rusted signs dangling.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT (FIRST LIGHT)

COLE'S light reveals a spider web just inside the store. A large SPIDER tries to hide from the light.

COLE reaches carefully into the web and plucks the spider and puts it into one of his specimen tubes.

Then, he shines his light all around the once elegant store. There's nothing but aisle after aisle of moldering consumer goods.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAWN

As COLE comes out of the store, the first rays of the sun hit the building. COLE stops, squints into the light through his visor.

COLE'S POV: spray-painted on the wall a long time ago is a stenciled logo of twelve monkeys holding hands in a circle. Over it is written, "WE DID IT!"

COLE looks up.

COLE'S POV: high up on a building across the street, a LION patrols a ledge, pauses, looks out majestically over his world.

TITLES END

INT. FIRST UNDERGROUND DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER - ETERNAL NIGHT

ROARING WATER, powerful torrents gushing from nozzles in the wall, pummel the still-suited COLE.

INT. SECOND UNDERGROUND DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER - ETERNAL NIGHT

Stark naked and shivering, COLE is being scrubbed with brushes on long poles (like the ones used to wash cars) wielded by two HULKING FIGURES in bulky decontamination suits, their personas lost in their windowed masks. It's a grim scene in a grim cement room with damp, dripping walls. From an unseen source comes an AMPLIFIED VOICE,

AMPLIFIED VOICE (o.s.)
Raise your arms above your head.

COLE lifts his arms and the FIGURES start scrubbing his armpits.

INT. TINY CHAMBER - SHORTLY (ETERNAL NIGHT)

Still naked, COLE is seated on a stool while a MASKED TECHNICIAN in a less elaborate, less bulky decontamination outfit draws blood from COLE'S arm with an old-fashioned hypodermic needle.

COLE glances toward a single, nearly opaque "window" of thick plastic in the rusty iron wall. VAGUE FIGURES seem to lurk behind the translucent aperture, studying him.

The TECHNICIAN slips the blood sample through a slot in the wall.

INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE/FUTURE WORLD - ETERNAL NIGHT

Ushered in by two guards, TINY and SCARFACE, COLE looks around.

COLE'S POV: walls hidden by old headlines, articles, maps, charts... a blackboard covered with elaborate, sophisticated formulae...surfaces heaped with cracked monitors, gerry-rigged computers held together with string, lasers lost in tangles of cable, ancient tube amplifiers, a dilapidated cardboard reconstruction of a city, stacks of moldering books and tattered computer printouts...and, seated at a long conference table, staring at COLE, six SCIENTISTS: an ASTROPHYSICIST, ENGINEER, BOTANIST, MICROBIOLOGIST, ZOOLOGIST, and a GEOLOGIST. They represent a "modern" science where brilliant new ideas interface with crude, outdated, patched-together technologies.

TINY
James Cole. Cleared from quarantine.

MICROBIOLOGIST
Thank you. You two wait outside.

SCARFACE
He's got a history, Doctor. Violence.

COLE'S eyes return to the walls.

Headlines: "CLOCK TICKING! NO CURE YET!"

SCARFACE
Anti-social six -- doing 25 to life.

ENGINEER
I don't think he's going to hurt us. You're not going to hurt us, are you Mr. Cole?

COLE'S head turns quickly to the ENGINEER.

COLE
No, sir.

The GUARDS exchange a look, shrug, exit, closing the door.

MICROBIOLOGIST
Why don't you sit down, Mr. Cole.

COLE goes to the empty chair at the conference table, sits down.

ASTROPHYSICIST
We want you to tell us about last night.

COLE
I went to the surface and I collected specimens like I was told.

The SCIENTISTS don't say anything. They just study him carefully.

COLE
(worried)
I mashed the spider, didn't I?

MICROBIOLOGIST
We'll get to the spider later, Mr. Cole. Right now, we want to know <u>everything</u> that you saw.

<u>INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER (ETERNAL NIGHT)</u>

COLE, starting to look very tired now, stands at the blackboard sketching a detailed map of exactly where he was last night.

ASTROPHYSICIST
Where you collected sample #4, what street was that?

COLE
Uh...

BOTANIST
It's important to observe everything.

COLE
I think it was...I'm sure it was 2nd Street.

As the SCIENTISTS start to whisper animatedly among themselves, COLE'S eyes drift across the newspaper clippings taped to the wall. One headline screams, "VIRUS MUTATING!" Another features a photo of an OLD MAN (DR. MASON, who we'll see again later on) and the words, SCIENTIST SAYS, "IT'S TOO LATE FOR CURE".

ASTROPHYSICIST'S VOICE (o.s.)
Close your eyes, Cole.

Startled, COLE closes his eyes obediently.

BLACKNESS. Like COLE, WE SEE NOTHING! But we HEAR their VOICES.

ENGINEER'S VOICE (o.s.)
Tell us in detail what you've seen in this room.

COLE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Uh, in this room? Uh...

MICROBIOLOGIST'S VOICE (o.s.)
How many of us are there?

COLE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Six...seven, if you count me.

ASTROPHYSICIST'S VOICE (o.s.)
Tell us about the pictures on the wall...

COLE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Uh, you mean the newspapers?

A MONTAGE OF OVERLAPPING VOICES (o.s.)
Tell us about the newspapers. Can you hear my voice? What do I look like? What does he look like, the man who just spoke? How old were you when you left the surface?

The VOICES blur into a cacophony and FADE INTO the droning P.A. SYSTEM at the airport.

INT. CONCOURSE/AIRPORT - DAY

THE DREAM AGAIN! But at an earlier moment. YOUNG COLE, flanked by his PARENTS, whose faces are out of view, is watching a PLANE land through one of the big glass windows that lines the concourse leading to the departure gates.

P.A. SYSTEM (o.s.)
Flight 784 now boarding at gate...

Suddenly, a SHOUT, followed by raised VOICES, interrupts the monotonous airport routine. As YOUNG COLE and his PARENTS turn to see what's going on, a man we'll call MR. PONYTAIL, his face averted, hurries past them, bumping YOUNG COLE with a Chicago Bulls Sports Duffle Bag.

MR. PONYTAIL
WATCH IT!

YOUNG COLE sees little more than the gaudy pants, the duffle, and the man's ponytail flopping as he rushes towards the gates.

Just then, a WOMAN'S VOICE cries out, "NOOOOOOOO!"

YOUNG COLE turns back toward the Security Check Point just as TRAVELERS scatter madly, some diving to the floor, others

running. A TERRIFIED TRAVELER, hitting the floor close by, looks up at YOUNG COLE with panicky eyes, and asks....

TERRIFIED TRAVELER
Just exactly why did you volunteer?

INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE/FUTURE WORLD - (ETERNAL NIGHT)

COLE comes abruptly awake. Seated now, he's facing the SCIENTISTS.

ASTROPHYSICIST
Wake up, Cole.

COLE
Uh, I didn't hear the...

MICROBIOLOGIST
(tapping a pencil on the table)
I asked you, why did you volunteer?

COLE
Well, the guard woke me up. He told me I volunteered.

The SCIENTISTS react, whispering urgently among themselves.

COLE starts to nod off again, then comes awake with a start as the ENGINEER speaks to him.

ENGINEER
We appreciate you volunteering. You're a very good observer, Cole.

COLE
Uh, thank you.

ENGINEER
You'll get a reduction in sentence.

COLE keeps his face impassive.

ASTROPHYSICIST
To be determined by the proper authorities.

ENGINEER
You don't want to jeopardize that reduction, do you, Cole? Have it taken away?

COLE
No, sir!

ASTROPHYSICIST
We have a very advanced program, something very different, requires very skilled people.

MICROBIOLOGIST
An opportunity to reduce your sentence considerably...

ZOOLOGIST
And possibly play an important role in returning the human race to the surface of the earth.

ENGINEER
We want tough minded people. Strong mentally. We've had some...misfortunes with "unstable" types.

ASTROPHYSICIST
For a man in your position...an opportunity.

BOTANIST
Not to volunteer could be a real mistake.

MICROBIOLOGIST
(tapping his pencil again)
Definitely a mistake!

COLE gives away nothing. He's in a box here. He has no choices. He stares at the tapping pencil.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

A strikingly "real" world of bright colors. Extravagant paintings adorn the walls. A POET, tiny and ruddy faced, squints over his glasses as he reads in a booming voice to an AUDIENCE of thirty seated on folding chairs.

POET
Still among the myriad microwaves, the infra-red messages, the gigabytes of ones and zeroes, we find words, infinitesimally small, byte-sized now, tinier even than science lurking in some vague electricity where, if we listen we can hear the solitary voice of that poet telling us,
"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show."

As the POET reads, we STUDY the audience, mostly YUPPIE CULTURE JUNKIES or BOHEMIANS. Among them, a light-haired woman of twenty-eight, soberly dressed, wearing glasses. She's KATHRYN RAILLY. And it's her beeper that suddenly BEEPS. BEEP! BEEP!

POET'S VOICE (o.s.)
"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."

BEEP! BEEP! Scowling at the outrageous interruption, the POET looks up from the text just as RAILLY, fumbling, shuts off the beeper and rises, embarrassed. As she makes her way to an exit, the glaring POET continues...

POET
"Yesterday This Day's Madness did prepare;
Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where."

INT. CORRIDOR/POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DETECTIVE FRANKI leads RAILLY past crowded holding cells.

FRANKI
-- so they get there and they ask the guy real nice for some kind of i.d., and he gets agitated, starts screaming about viruses. Totally irrational, totally disoriented, doesn't know where he is, what day it is, alla that stuff. All they got was his name. They figure he's stoned out of his mind, it's some kinda psychotic episode, so they're gonna bring him...

RAILLY
He's been tested for drugs?

FRANKI
Negative for drugs. But he took on five cops like he was dusted to the eyeballs. No drugs. You believe that?

FRANKI pauses, indicating a tiny observation window of thick meshed glass in an otherwise solid door, and RAILLY looks through it.

RAILLY'S POV THROUGH THE WINDOW: a MAN, his back to her, in strait-jacket and prison denims, examining the wall of the padded cell with the distorted intensity of a "mental case".

RAILLY
You have him in restraints.

FRANKI
Were you listening? We got two officers in the hospital. Yeah, he's in restraints, plus the medic gave him enough stellazine to kill a horse. Look at him! Still on his feet.

RAILLY'S POV THROUGH THE WINDOW: the MAN in the cell turns, looks right at her. In spite of the cuts and welts, it's clearly COLE.

RAILLY
That would explain the bruises, I guess. The struggle.

FRANKI
You want to go in? Examine him?

RAILLY
Yes, please. You said he gave a name...

FRANKI
(unlocking the door)
James Cole. That's everything we got. None of the James Coles on the computer match him. No license, no prints, no warrants. Nothing. You want me to go in with you?

RAILLY
(entering)
No, thank you.

FRANKI
I'll be right here...just in case.

INT. ISOLATION CELL

COLE stares at RAILLY. The environment is intensely real...vivid colors...each sound, however slight, very distinct, almost loud... and yet she appears to him almost like a vision.

RAILLY
Mr. Cole? My name is Doctor Railly. I'm a psychiatrist. I work for the County -- I don't work for the police. My only concern is your well being -- do you understand that?

COLE
I need to go now.

RAILLY
I'm going to be completely honest. I'm not going to lie to you. I can't make the police let you go...but I do want to help you. And I want you to trust me. Can you do that, James? May I call you "James"?

COLE
"James"! Nobody ever calls me that.

RAILLY
(frowns, studies him)
Have you been a patient at County? Have I seen you someplace?

COLE
No, not possible. Listen, I have to get out of here. I'm supposed to be getting information.

RAILLY
What kind of information?

COLE
It won't help you. You can't do anything about it. You can't change anything.

RAILLY
Change what?

COLE
I need to go.

RAILLY
Do you know why you're here, James?

COLE
Because I'm a good observer. Because I have a tough mind.

RAILLY
I see. You don't remember assaulting a police officer...several officers?

COLE
They wanted identification. I don't have any identification. I wasn't trying to hurt them.

RAILLY
You don't have a driver's license, James? Or a Social Security card?

COLE
No.

RAILLY
Why not? Most people have some ID.

COLE
You wouldn't understand.

RAILLY
You've been in an institution, haven't you, James? A hospital?

COLE
I have to go.

RAILLY
A jail? Prison?

COLE
Underground.

RAILLY
Hiding?

COLE
I love this air. This is wonderful air.

RAILLY
What's wonderful about the air, James?

COLE
It's so clean. No germs.

RAILLY
You're afraid of germs?

COLE
I have to go.

RAILLY
Why do you think there aren't any germs in the air, James?

COLE
This is April, right?

RAILLY
July.

COLE
(sudden panic)
July?!!!

RAILLY
Do you know what year it is?

COLE
What year is it?

RAILLY
What year do you think it is?

COLE
1995?

RAILLY
You think it's July of 1995? That's the future, James. Do you think you're living in the future?

COLE
(slightly confused)
No, 1995 is the past.

RAILLY
1995 is the future, James. This is 1989.

COLE looks stunned.

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - MORNING

COLE, bound tightly by the strait-jacket, heavy manacles on his ankles, is being escorted down the corridor by two surly POLICEMEN.

COLE
Where are you taking me?

POLICEMAN #1
South of France, buddy. Fancy hotel. You're gonna love it.

COLE
South of France?! I don't want to go to the South of France. I want to make a telephone call.

POLICEMAN #2 smirks as he unlocks a heavy steel door.

POLICEMAN #2
Zip it, scumbag -- you fooled the shrink with your act, but you don't fool us.

Then, POLICEMAN #2 swings the steel door open and sunlight overwhelms COLE, blinding him in a dazzling fury of white light.

EXT. CITY STREET/MINI-VAN - DAY

A Mini-van, the kind of vehicle used to transport a half dozen prisoners, crawls through a busy street. The Police Department logo is prominent on the side of the van beneath barred windows.

INT. COUNTRY HOSPITAL/SHOWERS - AN HOUR LATER (MORNING)

Fierce spray recalls the decontamination in the future. COLE stands stark naked under the shower while two muscular attendants, PALMER and BILLINGS, supervise.

As PALMER shuts off the water, BILLINGS hands COLE a towel and starts inspecting his scalp...

BILLINGS
Lemme see your head, Jimbo, see if you got any creepy crawlies.

COLE
I need to make a telephone call.

BILLINGS
(pulling Cole's head)
Gotta work that out with a doctor, Jimbo. Can't make no calls 'til the doctor says.

COLE
It's very important.

BILLINGS
What chew gotta do, Jimbo, is take it easy, relax into things. We all gonna get along fine if you just relax.

COLE gets the hint of menace in the message and submits to the lice inspection, only his eyes revealing his frustration.

INT. HOSPITAL/DAYROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER (DAY)

COLE stands in the doorway, stunned by his first sight of the large room. His eyes go to the heavily-grilled windows where light pours in from outside. Then, to the TV, where a CARTOON COMMERCIAL makes raucous noises.

PATIENTS, in K-Mart street clothes or ratty robes, stare gloomily at the TV, or play cards, pace, or just stare blankly.

BILLINGS is at COLE'S side, beckoning to a patient, JEFFREY MASON, a twenty year old white youth dressed in khakis and a plaid shirt.

BILLINGS
Jeffrey. Yo! Jeffrey. This here is James. Whyncha show James around? Tell him the TV rules, show him the games an' stuff, okay?

JEFFREY
(with a sly look)
How much you gonna pay me? Huh? I'd be doing your job.

BILLINGS
Five thousand dollars, my man. That enough? I'll wire it to your account as usual, okay?

JEFFREY
Okay, Billings. Five thousand. That's enough. Five thousand dollars. I'll give him the Deluxe Mental Hospital Tour.

As BILLINGS walks away chuckling, JEFFREY turns to COLE.

JEFFREY
Kid around, kid around. It makes them feel good, we're all pals. We're prisoners, they're the guards, but it's all in good fun, you see?

COLE nods and JEFFREY indicates card tables where PATIENTS are playing cards, checkers, chess, or working on jig saw puzzles.

JEFFREY
Here's the games. Games vegitize you. If you play the games, you're voluntarily taking a tranquilizer.

COLE sees a partially completed puzzle of the well-known painting, THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM, depicting a serene world of animals in harmony.

JEFFREY
What'd they give you? Thorazine? How much? Learn your drugs -- know your doses.

COLE
I need to make a telephone call.

JEFFREY
A telephone call? That's communication with the outside world! Doctor's discretion. Hey, if alla these nuts could just make phone calls, it could spread. Insanity oozing through telephone cables, oozing into the ears of all those poor sane people, infecting them! Whackos everywhere! A plague of madness.
(suddenly sly and confidential)
In fact, very few of us here are actually mentally ill. I'm not saying <u>you're</u> not mentally ill, for all I know you're crazy as a loon. But that's not <u>why</u> you're here. Why you're here is because of the <u>system</u>, because of the economy.
(indicating the TV)
There's the TV. It's all right there. Commercials. We are not productive anymore, they don't need us to make things anymore, it's all automated. What are we <u>for</u> then? We're <u>consumers</u>. Okay, buy a lot of stuff, you're a good citizen. But if you <u>don't</u> buy a lot of stuff, you know what? You're <u>mentally ill!</u> That's a <u>fact</u>! If you don't <u>buy</u> things...toilet paper, new cars, computerized blenders, electrically operated sexual devices...
(MORE)

JEFFREY (CONTINUING)
(getting hysterical)
SCREWDRIVERS WITH MINIATURE BUILT-IN RADAR DEVICES, STEREO SYSTEMS WITH BRAIN IMPLANTED HEADPHONES, VOICE-ACTIVATED COMPUTERS, AND...

A woman orderly, TERRY, turns from the feeble PATIENT she's helping.

TERRY
Take it easy, Jeffrey. Be calm.

Abruptly, JEFFREY stifles his hysteria, takes a deep breath and continues, completely calm now. But COLE isn't listening. He's mesmerized by the TV.

JEFFREY
So if you want to watch a particular program, say "All My Children" or something, you go to the Charge Nurse and tell her what day and time the show you want to see is on. But you have to tell her before the show is scheduled to be on. There was this one guy who was always requesting shows that had already played. He couldn't quite grasp the idea that the Charge Nurse couldn't just make it be yesterday for him, turn back time ha ha. What a fruitcake!!

This last thought actually penetrates COLE'S focus on the TV and he turns to JEFFREY who's picking up speed again.

JEFFREY
Seriously, more and more people are being defined now as mentally ill. Why? Because they're not consuming on their own. But as patients, they become consumers of mental health care. And this gives the so-called sane people work!
(hysteria again)
WHOOO! SHOCK THERAPY! GROUP THERAPY! HALLUCINATIONS! THERAPEUTIC DRUGS! IGGIDY DIGGIDY DIG! PERFECT! THE SYSTEM IN HARMONY LIKE A BIG MACHINE...

TERRY
Okay, that's it, Jeffrey, you're gonna get a shot. I warned you...

JEFFREY
(calming himself, smiling)
Right! Right! Carried away, heh heh. I got "carried away". Explaining the workings of...the institution.

Just then, TJ WASHINGTON, a somber-looking African American in a bathrobe, taps COLE on the shoulder.

TJ WASHINGTON
I don't really come from outer space.

JEFFREY
This is TJ Washington, Jim -- he doesn't really come from outer space.

TJ WASHINGTON
Don't mock me, my friend.
(to Cole)
It's a condition of "mental divergence". I find myself on another planet, Ogo, part of an intellectual elite, preparing to subjugate barbarian hordes on Pluto. But even though it's a totally convincing reality in every way...I can feel, breathe, hear...nevertheless, Ogo is actually a construct of my psyche. I am mentally divergent in that I am escaping certain unnamed realities that plague my life here. When I stop going there, I will be well. Are you also divergent, friend?

The P.A. SYSTEM interrupts, startling COLE.

P.A. SYSTEM (v.o.)
James Cole. Report to Staff. James Cole!

JEFFREY
Staff! Whoo! Time for Staff. Now the geniuses cure you. Hallelujah!

INT. PSYCH WARD CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER (DAY)

COLE is agitated, speaking forcefully.

COLE
This is a place for crazy people! I'm not crazy!

RAILLY, four other PSYCHIATRIC RESIDENTS, including RAILLY'S best friend, MARILOU MARTIN, and their chief, DR. OWEN FLETCHER, sit around a beat-up conference table, watching COLE, who sits facing the doctors, with BILLINGS looming behind him. (Some of the DOCTORS bear a strong resemblance to the SCIENTISTS OF THE FUTURE.)

RESIDENT #1
We don't use that term..."crazy", Mr. Cole.

COLE
Well, you've got some real nuts in here! Listen to me, all of you -- I have to tell you something that's going to be difficult for you to understand, but...

DR. RAILLY
James...please. These are all doctors here and we want to help you.

DR. FLETCHER
Mr. Cole -- last night you told Dr. Railly you thought it was...
(checking a file)
1995. ... How about right now? Do you know what year it is right now?

COLE
1989. Look, I'm not confused. There's been a mistake, I've been sent to the wrong place.

Suddenly, COLE reaches out and BILLINGS lunges forward, but COLE is just grabbing a pad and pencil.

COLE
Hey, I'm not going to hurt anybody.

FLETCHER restrains BILLINGS with a hand signal.

COLE
(drawing)
Do any of you know anything about the Army of the Twelve Monkeys? They paint this, stencil it, on buildings, all over the place.

COLE waves a sketch of the dancing monkey logo we saw earlier.

DR. CASEY
Mr. Cole...

COLE
Right. I guess you wouldn't, this is 1989, they're probably not active yet. That makes sense! Okay. Listen to me, three billion people died in 1995. Three billion, got that? Almost the whole population. Of the world! Only about one percent survived.

DOCTORS exchange knowing looks. This is an old story, apparently.

RESIDENT #2
Are you going to save us, Mr. Cole?

COLE
Save you! How can I save you? It already happened! I can't save you. I'm simply trying to get some information for people in the present so that someday...
(sees their eyes)
You don't believe me. You think I'm crazy. But I'm not crazy. I'm a convict, sure, I have a quick temper, but I'm as sane as anyone in this room. I...

COLE stops, sees DR. FLETCHER tapping his pencil. COLE'S seen that tapping before -- in the future! It disorients him.

DR. RAILLY
Can you tell us the name of the prison you've come from?

COLE doesn't answer. He's staring at the tapping pencil.

DR. FLETCHER
Does this bother you, Mr. Cole?

COLE
(recovering, new tack)
No! Look, I don't belong here! What I need to do is make a telephone call to straighten everything out.

DR. FLETCHER
Who would you call, Mr. Cole, who would straighten everything out?

COLE
Scientists. I'm supposed to report in to them. They'll want to know they sent me to the wrong time.

DR. FLETCHER
So you could talk to these scientists and they do what? Send you to the future?

COLE
No, no. I can't talk to them. It's called, "voice mail". I'm supposed to leave messages. They monitor it from the present.

RESIDENT #2
"From the present." We're not in the present now, Mr. Cole?

COLE
No, no. This is the past. This has already happened. Listen...

RESIDENT #3
Mr. Cole, you belong in 1995 -- that's the present, is that it?

COLE
No, 1995 is the past, too. Look...

DR. FLETCHER
These scientists, Mr. Cole? Are they doctors like ourselves?

Two of the residents exchange quick knowing looks.

COLE
No! I mean yes, but... Look, I've been given a lot of drugs but I'm still perfectly lucid. You have to let me use the phone. One call!

COLE looks desperately toward RAILLY, pleading eyes meeting hers.

INT. LOW RENT APARTMENT - DAY

Four little KIDS SCREAM and SQUABBLE while the phone CHIRPS insistently in the tiny, cluttered apartment and a harried MOTHER lunges for the phone, answers sharply...

MOTHER
Yes?
(listens, frowns, then)
Whaaaaat? "Voice mail"! I don't know what you're talkin' about. ... Is this a joke? I don't know any scientists. James who? Never heard of you!

The MOTHER slams down the phone.

INT. RAILLY'S OFFICE/COUNTRY HOSPITAL - DAY

A dismayed COLE still has the receiver in his hand. Sympathetically, RAILLY takes it from him.

RAILLY
It wasn't who you expected?

COLE is clearly agitated, starts to pace, upset. Nuts?

COLE
It was some lady. She didn't know anything.

RAILLY
Perhaps it was a wrong number...

COLE
No. That's the reason they chose me -- I remember things.

RAILLY frowns, studying the distracted man with intense interest. It's clear COLE is becoming a special patient and RAILLY'S cool, detached demeanor is giving way ever so slightly.

RAILLY
James, where did you grow up? Was it around here? Around Baltimore?

COLE
(lost in thought)
What?

RAILLY
I have the...strangest feeling I've met you before...a long time ago, perhaps. Were you ever...?

COLE
Wait! This is only 1989! I'm supposed to be leaving messages in 1995. It's not the right number yet. That's the problem. Damn! How can I contact them?

RAILLY recovers her distance, her poise, as she takes a bottle, pours out some tablets, and holds them out to COLE.

RAILLY
James, take these.
(watching him step back)
Please -- I helped you like I said I would. Now I want you to trust me.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - DAY (THE DREAM)

MR. PONYTAIL races past the startled YOUNG COLE.

MR. PONYTAIL
WATCH IT!

Was it JEFFREY wearing gaudy pants and a ponytail? It was definitely JEFFREY'S VOICE.

TRAVELERS dive for cover as a WOMAN'S VOICE cries out...

WOMAN'S VOICE
NOOOOOOOOOO!

The TERRIFIED TRAVELER looks up at YOUNG COLE, makes eye contact, but doesn't speak. The TERRIFIED TRAVELER looks a lot like DR. FLETCHER!

Just then, YOUNG COLE is distracted by a running figure. It's the BLONDE MAN in the Hawaiian shirt, but he's not injured. He's sprinting toward the gates, glancing back over his shoulder, his moustache slightly askew!

A sharp CRACK of a GUNSHOT rings out! Then, DAZZLING LIGHT. Everything goes white!

INT. DORMITORY (PSYCH WARD)/COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

COLE'S eyes blink awake, blinded by a flashlight.

He's lying in one of thirty beds in a darkened ward. Disoriented. Which world is this? The room is full of BREATHING, SNORING, occasional MOANS. He can barely discern the shadowy figures of an ORDERLY and a NURSE, making their rounds, checking each bed.

His eyes adjusting to the darkness, COLE watches them exit.

He turns and sees a patch of moonlight coming in a barred window.

With a quick glance at the sleeping PATIENTS, he slips out of bed, makes his way stealthily to the window, peers out.

COLE'S POV: the moon, glowing in the sky, illuminating a single tree. Under the tree, in silhouette, a COUPLE embraces, kisses.

ANGLE ON COLE, looking out the window, absorbed.

VOICE (o.s.)
It won't work. You can't open it.

Alarmed, COLE turns, sees JEFFREY in the next bed.

JEFFREY
You think you can remove the grill but you can't. It's welded.

COLE checks the grill anyway.

JEFFREY
See? I toldja. And all the doors are locked, too. They're protecting the people on the outside from us. But the people outside are as crazy as us.

COLE has become preoccupied with a small SPIDER creeping along the window sill. He's staring at it when he's distracted by a sudden SOUND. Grabbing the SPIDER, COLE scrambles back into bed just as the door opens and an ORDERLY probes the dark room with the blade of his flashlight.

ANGLE ON COLE, in bed, feigning sleep.

The flashlight clicks off and COLE hears the door close.

For a long moment the ward is silent except for BREATHING, SNORES, occasional MOANS. Then, COLE hears JEFFREY'S hoarse whisper, picking up right where he left off.

JEFFREY
You know what "crazy" is? "Crazy" is "majority rules". Take germs for example.

Although COLE is preoccupied with the SPIDER struggling to get out of his fist, he can't help reacting to the word, "germs"!

COLE
Germs?!

JEFFREY
In the 18th century there was no such thing! Nobody'd ever imagined such a thing -- no sane person anyway. Along comes this doctor...Semmelweiss, I think. He tries to convince people... other doctors mostly...that there are these teeny tiny invisible "bad things" called germs that get into your body and make you...sick! He's trying to get doctors to wash their hands. What is this guy...crazy? Teeny tiny invisible whaddayou call 'em?..."germs"!

As JEFFREY warms to his subject, getting excited, COLE tries to figure out where to put the SPIDER.

JEFFREY (cont.)
So cut to the 20th century! Last week in fact, right before I got dragged into this hellhole. I order a burger in this fast food joint. The waiter drops it on the floor. He picks it up, wipes it off, hands it to me...like it was all okay.

No alternative. COLE pops the SPIDER in his mouth and swallows it as JEFFREY prattles on...

JEFFREY
"What about the germs?" I say. He goes, "I don't believe in germs. Germs are just a plot they made up so they can sell you disinfectants and soap!" Now, he's <u>crazy</u>, right? Hey, you believe in germs, don't you?

COLE
I'm not crazy.

JEFFREY
Of course not, I never thought you were. You want to escape, right? That's <u>very</u> sane. I can help you. You want me to, don't you? Get you out?

COLE
If you know how to escape, why don't you...?

JEFFREY
Why don't I escape, that's what you were going to ask me, right? 'Cause I'd be crazy to escape! I'm all taken care of, see? I've sent out word.

COLE
What's that mean?

JEFFREY
I've managed to contact certain underlings, evil spirits, secretaries of secretaries, and assorted minions, who will contact my father. When he learns I'm in this kind of place, he'll have them transfer me to one of those classy joints where they treat you...properly. LIKE A GUEST! LIKE A PERSON! SHEETS! TOWELS! LIKE A BIG HOTEL WITH GREAT DRUGS FOR THE NUT CASE LUNATIC MANIAC DEVILS...

PATIENTS are waking up as the NURSE and two ORDERLIES burst into dorm and head straight for JEFFREY who's struggling to calm hims

JEFFREY
Sorry. Really sorry. Got a little agitated. The thought of escaping crossed my mind and suddenly...suddenly I felt LIKE BENDING THE FUCKING BARS BACK, RIPPING OFF THE GODDAMN WINDOW FRAMES AND...EATING THEM, YES, EATING THEM, AND LEAPING, LEAPING...

COLE watches the ORDERLIES grab JEFFREY and haul him away.

JEFFREY
You dumb assholes! I'm a mental patient! I'm supposed to act out. Wait til you morons find out who I am. My father's gonna be really upset. AND WHEN MY FATHER GETS UPSET, THE GROUND SHAKES! MY FATHER IS GOD! I WORSHIP MY FATHER.

INT. WARD DAYROOM - MORNING

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN/A VIDEO IMAGE OF A LAB MONKEY, convulsing pathetically, a victim of shocks from the numerous wires attach to his tiny, restrained body.

ANGLE ON COLE, sitting, writing intensely in a magazine with a crayon, surrounded by dull-eyed PATIENTS in pajamas and ratty robes, staring at the shuddering LAB MONKEY on the TV screen.

JEFFREY'S VOICE (o.s.)
Torture! Experiments! We're all monkeys.

COLE looks up, startled, as JEFFREY, one eye bruised black, takes the seat next to him.

COLE
They hurt you!

JEFFREY
Not as bad as what they're doing to kitty.

ANGLE ON TV, showing a laboratory CAT turning in mad circles, eating its own tail, while a NEWS REPORTER narrates.

TV NEWS REPORTER (v.o.)
These video tapes were obtained by animal rights activists who worked underground as laboratory assistants for several months. Authorities say there is little they can do until...

The video footage now shows LAB WORKERS watching the results of their experiments passively.

ANGLE ON COLE, reacting angrily.

COLE
Look at those assholes, they're asking for it! Maybe people deserved to be wiped out!

JEFFREY
(startled, turning)
Wiping out the human race! That's a <u>great</u> idea! But it's more of a <u>long term</u> thing -- right now we have to focus on more <u>immediate</u> goals.
(sudden whisper)
I didn't say a word about "you know what".

COLE
What are you talking about???

JEFFREY
You know -- your plan.

As COLE stares, befuddled, JEFFREY sees COLE'S magazine.

JEFFREY
What're you writing? You a reporter?

COLE
(shielding the magazine)
It's private.

JEFFREY
A lawsuit? You going to sue them?

Just then BILLINGS looms over COLE, extending a cup full of pills.

BILLINGS
Yo, James -- time to take your meds.

INT. DAY ROOM/HOSPITAL - THIRTY MINUTES LATER (MORNING)

ANGLE ON THE TV, a commercial playing: a beautiful couple romps in the surf in slow motion while an eager NARRATOR encourages...

NARRATOR (v.o.)
Take a chance. Live the moment. Sunshine. Gorgeous beaches. The Florida Keys!

ANGLE ON COLE, very drugged, seated in front of the TV along with other drugged PATIENTS, staring at the screen.

ANGLE ON THE TV, showing a picture of the Marx Brothers.

TV ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
We'll return to the Marx Brothers in "Monkey Business" following these messages.

JEFFREY'S VOICE (o.s.)
Monkey Business! Monk Key Business!

COLE sees JEFFREY sliding into the next chair and smirking.

JEFFREY
Get it? Monk - Key. Monk!
(big grin)
Key!

JEFFREY flashes his palm open for one quick moment. A KEY!

COLE
(groggy)
What....???

JEFFREY
Wooooo, they really dosed you, bro. Major load! Listen up -- try and get it together. Focus! Focus! The plan! Remember? I did my part.

COLE
What...???

JEFFREY
Not, "what", babe! When!

COLE
"When???"

JEFFREY
(pressing the key into Cole's hand)
Now!

VOICE/TV (o.s.)
Let us guide you to the stocks and bonds that will enhance your portfolio.

JEFFREY
(leaping to his feet)
YES -- NOW! BUY NOW! STOCKS AND BONDS! NO MORE MONKEY BUSINESS -- BUY NOW.

ANGLE ON TV, almost mimicking JEFFREY with an ad...a BULL and a BEAR and a computer screen showing stock prices fluctuating.

VOICE/TV (v.o.)
A portfolio tailored to your specific needs and the needs of your loved ones...

ANGLE ON COLE, dumbfounded, watching JEFFREY dance crazily.

JEFFREY
YES, YES. ENHANCE YOUR PORTFOLIO NOW!

ANGLE ON BILLINGS, across the ward, reacting to JEFFREY, lets go of the OLD MAN he's helping as another orderly, TERRY, presses a beeper, calling for help.

ANGLE ON COLE, flabbergasted, as JEFFREY cavorts around the room.

JEFFREY
BUY! SELL! SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY!

ANGLE ON A HAND, inserting the last piece into the PEACEABLE KINGDOM JIGSAW PUZZLE. Just then, JEFFREY'S HAND sweeps the puzzle off the table, scattering it into a thousand pieces.

ANGLE ON JEFFREY, dancing away while the PATIENT who just completed the puzzle stares, very upset.

Other PATIENTS are getting agitated, too, as JEFFREY avoids a lunge by BILLINGS and dances off, using PATIENTS as a shield.

HEAVY WOMAN PATIENT
I'M GETTING DIZZY. MAKE HIM STOP!

SKINNY MAN PATIENT
HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE COMING!

OLD MAN PATIENT
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! I GOT FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! I'M INSURED!

JEFFREY
OPPORTUNITY! DEFINITELY! A WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY! OPENING NOW! NOW'S THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO SEIZE THE MOMENT! YES! YES! MASTERCARD! VISA! THE KEY TO HAPPINESS!

ANGLE ON COLE, realizing through the haze of drugs that JEFFREY is sending a message to him. COLE looks at the ward door.

COLE'S POV: the WARD DOOR opens and two husky ORDERLIES enter. One locks the door with a key, one of many on a key ring attached to his belt, as the other ORDERLY rushes to join the pursuit.

JEFFREY
SEIZE THE MOMENT! GET RICH! NOW'S THE TIME! GO FOR IT!

BILLINGS
(missing a tackle)
God damn you, Jeffrey, quit playing the fool.

ANGLE ON COLE, hesitating. He looks at the door...blurring in and out of focus. He looks down at the key in his hand.

ANGLE ON JEFFREY, being grabbed by the ORDERLIES. JEFFREY resists wildly as they struggle to overpower him.

JEFFREY
LAST CHANCE! LAST CHANCE! HEY -- OW!

ANGLE ON COLE, moving to the door. He reaches it and tries to insert the key in the lock.

ANGLE ON LOCK, as the key keeps missing the hole.

ANGLE ON COLE, glancing nervously over his shoulder.

COLE'S POV: ORDERLIES swarm over JEFFREY, don't notice COLE.

ANGLE ON COLE, managing to insert the key. It won't turn.

A PATIENT, close at hand, startles COLE, speaking into his ear.

PATIENT
Place to go would be...Florida. The keys are lovely this time of year.

COLE, unnerved, desperate tries the key again. It turns.

PATIENT
Be careful. J. Edgar Hoover isn't really dead.

COLE pauses, stares, not understanding. Then, he opens the door.

INT. CORRIDOR/COUNTY HOSPITAL

Stepping through the door, COLE finds himself in an ante-room facing several elevators.

A uniformed SECURITY MAN sitting at a near-by desk doesn't even look up from the magazine he's reading.

Barely daring to breathe, COLE steps toward the elevators so his back is to the SECURITY MAN. But he doesn't know how to control this elevator. What should he do?

SECURITY MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Two's not working today. Use one.

COLE freezes, sneaks a glance over his shoulder.

COLE'S POV: the SECURITY MAN continues his reading. He's a big guy with reading glasses perched on his nose. He looks exactly like the MENACING GUARD IN THE FUTURE...SCARFACE!

ANGLE ON COLE, stunned!

Just then, an elevator door slides open. The elevator's empty.

COLE steps into it.

INT. ELEVATOR/COUNTY HOSPITAL

The door closes, isolating COLE in the elevator.

COLE finds the down button, is about to push it when the elevator springs to life. The numbers on the indicator over the door start to rise. 7...8...9.

Then, the elevator stops and the door opens.

Two DOCTORS and an AIDE stand in front of the door, waiting.

COLE hesitates.

They look at him. They seem to expect him to exit.

Avoiding eye contact, COLE exits the elevator.

As they enter the elevator, the DOCTORS look back at COLE and frown.

INT. RAILLY'S OFFICE - MORNING

RAILLY has just arrived for work. She's slipping on her white doctor's coat when...

DR. CASEY, one of the other residents, sticks his head in the door waving a crayoned message on a page torn from a magazine.

DR. CASEY
This was in my box, but I have a slight suspicion it wasn't meant for me.

CASEY enters the room, reading the scrawled words dramatically.

DR. CASEY
"You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. You live in a beautiful world. But you don't know it. You have freedom, sunshine, air you can breathe."

RAILLY
(smiling)
Cole. James Cole -- right?

She reaches for the note but CASEY moves it out of her grasp.

DR. CASEY
"I would do anything to stay here, but I must leave. Please, help me."

RAILLY
Poor man...

CASEY is handing her the note when another resident, DR. GOODINS, sticks his head in the door. He's upset.

DR. GOODINS
Hey, Kathryn, James Cole is one of yours, right?

RAILLY and CASEY stare at him.

DR. GOODINS
He got out. Took off. Last seen, he was up on nine.

INT. X-RAY DEPARTMENT/BASEMENT - DAY

A PATIENT is being swallowed by a large tube, a CAT SCANNER, while a DOCTOR in a white coat speaks reassuringly.

DOCTOR
Just relax -- don't fight it. We have to know exactly what's there so we can...

The DOCTOR stops, astonished, as the door bursts open.

It's COLE! He stares at the PATIENT and the Cat Scanner.

The PATIENT lifts his head up and stares at COLE.

DOCTOR
Eh, excuse me. Can I help you?

COLE turns and rushes back out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR/COUNTY HOSPITAL

COLE steps into the corridor, turns to his right, freezes.

A POSSE of SECURITY GUARDS is headed in his direction.

COLE turns to his left.

Four ORDERLIES are coming that way.

COLE'S trapped. A beat. He attacks the nearest man. BILLINGS.

INT. TECH ROOM/PSYCH WARD - SHORTLY (DAY)

RAILLY prepares a hypo, turns to COLE who is strapped tightly on a gurney with BILLINGS and an RN standing on either side, tense for more trouble. One of BILLINGS' eyes is starting to swell shut.

RAILLY
It's just a shot to calm you.

COLE
No more drugs. Please...

RAILLY
I have to do this, James. You're very confused.

RAILLY pushes the needle into COLE's skin.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/PSYCH WARD - LATER (DAY)

DR. FLETCHER faces RAILLY across the conference table. DR. CASEY, DR. GOODINS, DR. MARILOU MARTIN are also there.

DR. FLETCHER
Don't be defensive, Kathryn, this isn't an inquisition.

RAILLY
I didn't think I was being defensive. I was just...

DR. FLETCHER
He should have been in restraints. It was bad judgment on your part, plain and simple. Why not just cop to it?

RAILLY
Okay, it was bad judgment. But I have the strangest feeling about him -- I've seen him somewhere and...

DR. FLETCHER
(impatient, not interested)
Two policemen were already in the hospital and now we have an orderly with a broken arm and a Security Officer with a fractured skull.

RAILLY
I said it was bad judgment! What else do you want me to say?

DR. FLETCHER
You see what I mean? You're being defensive.
(to Dr. Casey)
Isn't she being defensive, Bob?

But just then, BILLINGS sticks his head in the door.

BILLINGS
Uh, Dr. Fletcher -- we got another... situation.

INT. CORRIDOR/PSYCH WARD - MOMENTS LATER (DAY)

DR. FLETCHER looks into an empty padded cell as RAILLY, MARTIN, GOODIN, BILLINGS, PALMER and the NURSE crowd behind him.

DR. FLETCHER
He was in full restraints? And the door was locked?

BILLINGS
Yes, sir. Did it myself.

DR. FLETCHER
And he was fully sedated?

RAILLY
He was fully sedated!

DR. FLETCHER
Then are you trying to tell me that a fully sedated, fully restrained patient somehow slipped out that vent, replaced the grill behind him and that he's wriggling through the ventilation system right now?

DR. FLETCHER indicates an impossibly tiny vent high in the wall.

INT. CONCOURSE/AIRPORT - DAY (THE DREAM)

Seen through the glass windows, a 747 takes off, climbing into the sky as the airport P.A. System drones...

P.A. SYSTEM
Flight 784 to San Francisco now boarding at Gate 38...

YOUNG COLE, watching the 747, whirls at the SOUND of a COMMOTION.

MR. PONYTAIL bumps him.

The BLONDE MAN sprints past. The WOMAN'S VOICE calls out!

WOMAN'S VOICE
NOOOOOOOOOO!

TRAVELERS dive for cover briefly revealing the mysterious BRUNETTE running after the BLONDE MAN! But this time, YOUNG COLE catches just a glimpse of her face. She looks a little like RAILLY except for the dark hair, the make-up, and the flashy earrings. She calls out, her VOICE blending weirdly with the P.A. SYSTEM...

BRUNETTE/P.A. SYSTEM
The Freedom For Animals Headquarters now boarding on Second Avenue. The Army of the Twelve Monkeys...

ENGINEER'S VOICE (o.s.)
Cole, you moron -- wake up!

INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE - ETERNAL NIGHT OF THE FUTURE

As COLE blinks awake, the digitized monotone of the P.A. SYSTEM continues to drone in an unearthly VOICE...

UNEARTHLY VOICE/P.A. SYSTEM
-- they're the ones who are going to do it...

COLE'S eyes seek the source of the sound and find it on the table in front of the panel of disapproving SCIENTISTS facing him. It's a beat-up old tape recorder.

UNEARTHLY VOICE/TAPE RECORDER
I can't do anything more. The Police are after me.

The tape ends, runs off the reel, flap...flap...flap...

ASTROPHYSICIST
Well?

COLE
Uh, what?

ENGINEER
He's drugged out of his mind! He's completely zoned out.

ASTROPHYSICIST
Cole, did you or did you not record that message?

COLE
Uh, that message...me?

MICROBIOLOGIST
It's a digital reconstruction of a message, Cole, from a weak signal on our contact number. Did you make that call?

COLE
(angrily)
I couldn't call! You sent me to the wrong year! It was 1989.

SCIENTISTS
1989!

The SCIENTISTS react, exchanging looks, whispers. Then,

ZOOLOGIST
You're certain of that?

GEOLOGIST
(before Cole can answer)
What did you do with your time, Cole? Did you waste it on drugs? Women?

COLE
They forced me to take drugs.

BOTANIST
Forced you! Why would someone force you to take drugs?

COLE
I got into trouble. I got arrested. But I still got you a specimen -- a spider -- but I didn't have anyplace to put it, so I ate it. It was the wrong year anyway, so I guess it doesn't matter.

The SCIENTISTS stare incredulously, then turn, exchange knowing looks, huddle, start whispering to one another.

Struggling to stay awake COLE sees, blurrily, the MICROBIOLOGIST staring at COLE intently. For one moment, the face belongs to DR. FLETCHER!

COLE blinks hard...and the MICROBIOLOGIST has his own face, again.

COLE'S head slumps forward now...and everything goes dark.

GEOLOGIST'S VOICE (o.s.)
Cole!

INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE - ETERNAL NIGHT OF THE FUTURE

COLE comes awake with a start. The room is dark now, except...

a slide is being projected on a torn screen. It's a picture of a stenciled graffiti...the logo of The Army of the 12 Monkeys.

ENGINEER
What about it, Cole?

ZOOLOGIST
Did you see it?

COLE
Uh, no, sir. I...

Another slide CLICKS into place. Youthful PROTESTERS, their placards featuring slogans and images of Animcal Atrocities, confront POLICE in riot gear.

ASTROPHYSICIST
What about these people? Did you see any of these people?

Zooming in, panning, the SCIENTISTS emphasize the FACES of the PROTESTERS. The FACES are unfamilar to COLE (though WE will recognize some of them later on).

COLE (o.s.)
Uh, no, sir, I...wait!

The image pans back to a much enlarged blurry FACE among the PROTESTERS. In spite of the poor image, the expression of rage is clear, and it seems to resemble a somewhat older JEFFREY MASON.

ASTROPHYSICIST
Him? You saw that man?

COLE
Uh, I think so. In the mental hospital.

MICROBIOLOGIST
(switching on the light)
You were in a mental institution?!

The SCIENTISTS MUTTER disapprovingly among themselves.

ASTROPHYSICIST
You were sent to make very important observations!

BOTANIST
You could have made a real contribution...

GEOLOGIST
Helped to reclaim the planet...

ZOOLOGIST
As well as reducing your sentence.

MICROBIOLOGIST
The question is, Cole -- "Do you want another chance?"

COLE stares at them, trying to figure out what they mean.

INT. CONCOURSE/AIRPORT - DAY (THE DREAM)

The BRUNETTE runs up the concourse, her back to YOUNG COLE, as frightened PASSENGERS duck for cover, SHOUTING!

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Hey! Who's that?

INT. CELL - ETERNAL NIGHT

COLE opens his eyes. Where is he? Silence as he examines the tiny cell. Bare cement walls. High ceiling. Same color and size as the isolation room at the county hospital.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Hey, Bob...what's your name?

COLE looks around frantically. Up, down. Where is the VOICE coming from? Maybe from that tiny vent high in the wall...

COLE
Where are you?

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
You can talk! Wah'dja do, Bobby boy? Volunteer?

COLE
My name's not "Bob".

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Not a prob, Bob. Where'd they send you?

COLE
Where are you?

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Another cell. ... Maybe.

COLE
What do you mean, "maybe"? What's that supposed to mean?

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Maybe. Means "maybe" I'm in the next cell, another "volunteer" like you -- or "maybe" I'm in the Central Office spying on you for all those science bozos. Or, hey, "maybe" I'm not even here. "Maybe" I'm just in your head. No way to confirm anything. Ha Ha. Where'd they send you?

COLE doesn't answer.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Not talking, huh, Bob? That's okay -- I can handle that.

COLE
1989.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
89! How was it? Good drugs? Lotsa pussy? Hey, Bob, you do the job? D'ju find out the "big info"?...Army of the Twelve Monkeys...where the virus was prior to mutation?

COLE
It was supposed to be 1995.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Science isn't an exact science with these clowns. You're lucky you didn't end up in ancient Egypt!

INT. LAB - ETERNAL NIGHT OF THE FUTURE

COLE is strapped on a gurney. SCIENTISTS hover near-by, whispering. The walls of the gloomy chamber are damp, sweating.

GEOLOGIST
No mistakes this time, Cole.

ASTROPHYSICIST
Stay alert. Keep your eyes open.

ZOOLOGIST
Good thinking about that spider, Cole. Try and do something like that again.

MICROBIOLOGIST
Just relax now -- don't fight it. We have to know exactly what's there so we can fix it.

The gurney is being wheeled into a crudely welded steel tube... reminiscent of the cat scanner in County Hospital.

COLE'S POV: a last glimpse of anxious FACES, then the chamber door is CLANGED shut.

EVERYTHING IS BLACK. A HUM BUILDS. THE BLACKNESS VIBRATES, THE HUM REACHES A DEAFENING LEVEL, THEN DIMUENDOS. WE BEGIN TO HEAR BURSTS OF MACHINE GUN FIRE, VOICES SHOUTING IN FRENCH, A SUDDEN HUGE EXPLOSION! THEN...

EXT. TRENCH/FRANCE - DAY

DRIZZLING RAIN. And SCREAMS. COLE'S in a deep trench, naked, eyes wide with terror. What's going on? Where is he? SOLDIERS in gas masks push urgently past him rushing toward their injured COMRADES who've been ripped apart by the shell that just hit fifteen yards away. Muffled VOICES shout through gas masks... in FRENCH. COLE doesn't know it, but this is World War I! Suddenly, a SERGEANT confronts him, shouting in French.

SERGEANT
(FRENCH, subtitled)
Where's your mask?! And your clothes... and your weapon, you idiot?!

COLE
What? What??

COLE looks around desperately. A horribly WOUNDED MAN is being stretchered past them in the narrow trench. Machine guns chatter close at hand. AAK AAK AAK. A grenade EXPLODES. Reacting to the foreign word, the SERGEANT jams his bayonet into COLE'S ribs...

SERGEANT
(FRENCH, subtitled)
Captain! A Kraut! We got a Kraut!

COLE
I don't understand. Where am I?

The CAPTAIN hurries over, snapping at COLE in German.

CAPTAIN
(GERMAN, subtitled)
How'd you get here, soldier? What's your rank? Where are your clothes?

COLE
I...don't understand.

CAPTAIN
(frowning, GERMAN, subtitled)
German! Speak German! What are you doing here?

VOICE (o.s.)
(pleading in English)
I gotta find 'em. I gotta find 'em. Please, you gotta help me!

COLE turns, sees...

It's his friend, JOSE, the Puerto Rican kid from the next cell in the "underground" time. He's being carried past COLE now on a stretcher, blood all over his torso, horribly wounded.

COLE
JOSE!

JOSE
Cole! Oh, God, Cole, where are we?

JOSE reaches out to COLE just as a PHOTOGRAPHER takes a FLASH PICTURE of the kid being carried off on the stretcher. SUDDENLY, SHOTS RING OUT. COLE goes down. Hit in the leg!

SOLDIERS in gas masks rush past him like giant insects.

Looking to his left, COLE sees the CAPTAIN lying beside him, dead from a chest wound, his gas mask half off.

COLE is reaching for the mask when ...

A SHELL HITS CLOSE BY WITH AN ENORMOUS EXPLOSION.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Stunningly quiet. We are on a placid campus looking at the dignified architecture of Breitrose Hall. MOVING IN we FOCUS ON a large poster advertising "The Alexander Lectures, Spring 1995". WE SKIM the listings (Jon Else on The Nuclear Agony, Dr. Andrew Miksztal on Biological Ethics, etc.) until we SETTLE ON...

DR. KATHRYN RAILLY
MADNESS AND APOCALYPTIC VISIONS
MAY 17

INT. AUDITORIUM/BREITROSE HALL - NIGHT

A large screen dominates the auditorium stage. On the screen is a slide of an engraving from the Middle Ages showing a MADMAN in apparent agony, his mouth shaped to a scream, as he is restrained by PEASANTS. The projector ZOOMS slowly in on the agonized FACE of this MADMAN as we HEAR RAILLY'S VOICE lecturing.

RAILLY'S VOICE (o.s.)
According to the accounts of local officials at that time, this gentleman, judged to be about forty years of age, appeared suddenly in the village of Wyle near Stonehenge in the West of England in April of 1162. Using unfamiliar words and speaking in a strange accent, the man made dire prognostications about a pestilence which he predicted would wipe out humanity in approximately 800 years. Deranged and hysterical, the man raped a young woman of the village, was taken into custody, but then mysteriously escaped and was not heard of again.

WE DISCOVER RAILLY, six years older now, standing at a lectern in a pool of light. She's dwarfed by the giant screen where the engraving is replaced by a series of slides of woodcuts showing scenes of pestilence in the Middle Ages as she lectures to an audience of mostly SCHOLARLY TYPES.

RAILLY (cont.)
In 1841, Mackay wrote, "During seasons of great pestilence, men have often believed the prophecies of crazed fanatics, that the end of the world was come." Obviously, this plague/doomsday scenario is considerably more compelling when reality supports it in some form, whether it's the Bubonic Plague, smallpox, or AIDS. In addition to these "natural" contagions, there are now technological horrors as well: besides radiation, consider our lurking fear of germ warfare and its close approximation, chemical warfare, which first reared its ugly head in the deadly mustard gas attacks during the First World War.

ON THE SCREEN, a SERIES of SLIDES show images of WORLD WAR I SOLDIERS in gas masks, in death throes, etc..

RAILLY'S VOICE (cont. o.s.)
During such an attack in the French trenches in October, 1917, we have an account of this soldier...

ON THE SCREEN, a slide of an old deteriorated photograph shows JOSE, the Puerto Rican kid, strapped to a stretcher, being carried by SOLDIERS through the trenches during an attack. JOSE appears to be ranting madly as the projector ZOOMS CLOSER on his face until the image approximates Munch's famous painting.

RAILLY'S VOICE (cont. o.s.)
-- who, during an assault, was wounded by shrapnel and hospitalized behind the lines where Doctors discovered he had lost all comprehension of French but spoke English fluently, albeit in a regional dialect they didn't recognize. The man, although physically unaffected by the gas, was hysterical. He claimed he had come from the future, that he was looking for a pure germ that would ultimately wipe mankind off the face of the earth in the year... 1995!

The AUDIENCE gives a nervous CHUCKLE.

ON THE SCREEN, a different old photograph of JOSE. This time he's in a military hospital, gaunt, haunted, very ill.

RAILLY'S VOICE (cont. o.s.)
Although seriously injured, the young soldier disappeared from the hospital before more data could be gathered. No doubt, he was trying to carry on his mission to warn others, substituting for the agony of war...a self-inflicted agony we call the "Cassandra Complex".

As RAILLY continues, we SCAN the AUDIENCE and DISCOVER MARILOU MARTIN, RAILLY'S friend, and MARILOU'S HUSBAND, WAYNE CHANG, both listening attentively. Further away, another MAN listens intently. A MAN with shoulder-length carrot-colored hair. His name is DR. PETERS.

RAILLY (cont.)
Cassandra, in Greek legend you will recall, was condemned to <u>know</u> the future but to be <u>disbelieved</u> when she foretold it. Hence, the agony of foreknowledge combined with impotence to do anything about it.

<u>INT. RECEPTION ROOM - AN HOUR LATER (NIGHT)</u>

A stack of new books. <u>THE DOOMSDAY SYNDROME, Apocalyptic Visions of the Mentally Ill</u> by Dr. Kathryn Railly.

Surrounded by enthusiastic members of the audience, RAILLY is seated at the table signing books but DR. PETERS has her ear.

DR. PETERS
I think, Dr. Railly, you have given your alarmists a bad name. Surely there is very real and very convincing data that the planet cannot survive the excesses of the human race: proliferation
(MORE)

DR. PETERS (CONTINUING)
of atomic devices, uncontrolled breeding habits, the rape of the environment, the pollution of land, sea, and air. In this context, isn't it obvious that "Chicken Little" represents the sane vision and that Homo Sapiens' motto, "Let's go shopping!" is the cry of the true lunatic?!

DR. PETERS smiles self-importantly at RAILLY as an elderly disheveled PROFESSOR elbows in front of him.

DISHEVELED PROFESSOR
Doctor Railly -- please! I wonder if you're aware of my own studies which indicate that certain cycles of the moon actually impact on the incidence of apocalyptic predictions as observed in urban emergency rooms and...

As the PROFESSOR babbles, MARILOU MARTIN and her husband, WAYNE CHANG, appear and whisper...

MARILOU
You were great.

RAILLY
You're leaving?

MARILOU
The reservation's at nine thirty -- it's getting late.

DISHEVELED PROFESSOR
Doctor Railly -- please -- this is very important!

WAYNE CHANG
(checking the professor)
You sure you're gonna be all right?

RAILLY
(smiles, checks her watch)
I'll be there in twenty minutes.

DISHEVELED PROFESSOR
Dr. Railly, I simply cannot understand your exclusion of the moon in relation to apocalyptic dementia...

EXT. PARKING LOT/BREITROSE HALL - NIGHT

A full moon.

COLLEAGUES in a VOLVO pull out of the parking lot, calling, "Congratulations" to RAILLY.

She waves back as she hurries to her black ACURA, one of the last cars left in the lot.

The outside lights of Breitrose Hall go off.

RAILLY seems to be alone in the lot as she fishes keys from her purse, unlocks her car door, starts to open it when...

Suddenly, she's grabbed from behind in a choke-hold by a large shadowy MAN looming out of the darkness behind her.

MAN'S VOICE
Get in!

Unable to scream, she writhes and kicks as he forces her into the front seat.

MAN'S VOICE
I've got a gun.

RAILLY freezes, terrified, as he opens the rear door and scrambles in behind her.

INT. ACURA/PARKING LOT

Fighting to suppress the quaver in her voice, RAILLY says...

RAILLY
You can have my purse. I have a lot of cash and credit...

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Start the car.

Glancing in the rear view mirror, RAILLY sees penetrating eyes peering out of the shadows, no other features.

Half-turning in the seat, she holds out the keys to him.

RAILLY
Here! You can have the keys. You can...

He grabs her hair and yanks her head back hard, speaking fiercely into her ear, his face lost in shadow.

MAN
START THE CAR! NOW!

EXT. ACURA/PARKING LOT

The engine STARTS, the Acura backs up, then heads for the exit.

INT. ACURA

Steering fearfully, RAILLY hears him speak more calmly now.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
I don't want to hurt you. But I will. I've hurt people before when...when I had no choice. Turn left.

As she makes the turn, RAILLY glances in the rear view mirror, sees him unfolding a tattered map. His face is lost in darkness but she glimpses ragged, torn clothing as he tries to read the map by the intermittant glow of passing street lights.

RAILLY
Where... where are we going?

MAN
I need you to drive me to Philadelphia.

RAILLY
(startled, horrified)
But that's... that's more than 200 miles!

MAN
That's why I can't walk there. Turn here... I think...

RAILLY obeys. She glances in the mirror again, hesitates, then boldly switches on the dome light, holding her breath fearfully for his reaction.

He grunts appreciatively. Relieved, she looks in the mirror again, trying to get a better look at him, but now his features are concealed by the map.

RAILLY
If you make me go with you, it's kidnapping. That's a serious crime. If you let me go, you could just take the car and...

MAN
I don't know how to drive! We went underground when I was nine, I told you that. When you come to the corner, turn right.

Startled, RAILLY whirls, looks right at him.

He's lowered the map. It's COLE! Haggard, unshaven, dirty.

RAILLY
Cole! James Cole! You escaped from a locked room six years ago.

COLE
1989. Six years for you. There's the sign! Right here!

COLE is indicating a freeway entrance.

RAILLY turns the wheel sharply.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Acura veers up the ramp and onto the freeway.

INT. ACURA/FREEWAY - NIGHT

RAILLY glances in the mirror, sees COLE settling back wearily against the seat. She says carefully...

RAILLY
I can't believe this is a coincidence, Mr. Cole. Have you been...following me?

COLE
You told me you'd help me. I know this isn't what you meant, but...I was desperate... no money...bum leg... sleeping on the streets. I probably smell bad. Sorry about that. But then I saw your book in a store window with a notice about your lecture.
(sudden pride)
I can read, remember?

RAILLY
Yes, I remember.
(a beat, then)
Why do you want to go to Philadelphia?

COLE
It's the next step. I checked out the Baltimore information, it was nothing. It's Philadelphia, that's where they are, the ones who killed everyone.
(pointing suddenly, eagerly)
Is that a radio? Does it play music?

RAILLY turns on the radio and immediately WE HEAR the SOUND of SURF and the CRIES of gulls, background to an oozing baritone COMMERCIAL.

COMMERCIAL/RADIO (o.s.)
This is a personal message to you.

COLE sits up, alert, listening intently.

COMMERCIAL/RADIO (cont. o.s.)
Are you at the end of your rope? Are you dying to get away?

COLE'S eyes narrow, concentrating on this personal message.

COMMERCAIL/RADIO (cont. o.s.)
The Florida Keys are waiting for you.

COLE frowns as the SOUND of breaking SURF and crying GULLS fills the car. It's confusing! He blurts out...

COLE
I've never seen the ocean!

Observing his confusion in the mirror, RAILLY assumes her professional tone.

RAILLY
It's an advertisement, Mr. Cole. You do understand that, don't you? It's not really a special message to you.

COLE frowns. He did think it was for him, but she's probably right.

COLE
You used to call me "James".

RAILLY
You'd prefer that? ... James...you don't really have a gun, do you?

COLE
(cynical laugh)
Everybody's got a gun. In this city...

He breaks off reacting to the RADIO MUSIC! FATS DOMINO singing "BLUEBERRY HILL"! COLE grins, mouth agape, eyes wide like a kid's.

COLE
Can you...can you make it louder? I love hearing twentieth century music! Hearing music and breathing air!

As RAILLY cranks up the volume, she watches the mirror incredulously, sees him stick his head out the window into the wind, mouth open, "eating" the air hungrily.

EXT. FREEWAY/ACURA - NIGHT

"BLUEBERRY HILL" BLARES as the Acura, COLE's head out the rear window, zips past a sign at 65 mph.

The sign says, "PHILADELPHIA 233 MILES."

INT. ACURA/FREEWAY - NIGHT

RAILLY glances in the mirror at the nut in the rear seat with his head out the window. What can she do? Just then, while she's

trying to figure something out, an ANNOUNCER'S VOICE breaks in...

ANNOUNCER/RADIO (o.s.)
This just in from Fresno, California: emergency crews are converging on a cornfield where playmates of nine year old Ricky Neuman say they saw him disappear right before their eyes.

COLE pulls his head back inside with a frown, troubled now.

ANNOUNCER/RADIO (cont. o.s.)
Young Neuman apparently stepped into an abandoned well shaft and is lodged somewhere in the narrow 150 foot pipe, possibly alive, possibly seriously injured. Playmates claim they heard him cry out faintly but since then there has been no contact with...

COLE
"Never cry wolf!"

RAILLY
What?

COLE
My father told me that. "Never cry wolf." Then people won't believe you if...something really happens.

RAILLY
"If something really happens"...like what, James?

COLE
Something bad. Is that all the music? I don't want to hear this stuff...

RAILLY glances at him as she scans stations.

RAILLY
Did something terrible happen to you when you were a child? Something so bad...?

COLE
Ohhhh, that one! Can we hear that one?

It's IVORY JOE HUNTER singing, "SINCE I MET YOU, BABY".

IVORY JOE/RADIO (o.s.)
"Since I met you, baby,
My whole life has changed...

Ecstatic, COLE sticks his head out the window again.

EXT. ACURA/FREEWAY

COLE'S POV: the heavens, glittering with a million stars and a lover's moon as IVORY JOE croons the achingly romantic lyrics...

IVORY JOE/RADIO (cont. o.s.)
"-- cause since I met you, baby.
All I need is you..."

ANGLE ON COLE, wind in his hair, eyes shining, gulping air blissfully.

INT. RAILLY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Two POLICE OFFICERS and an anxious MARILOU MARTIN listen to an answering machine's message while a hungry CAT cries plaintively.

ANSWERING MACHINE
Dr. Railly -- this is Palmer from Psych Admitting. There was a guy here this afternoon looking for you. He seemed very agitated. We tried to keep him, but he refused 'n I kept thinking, I know this guy. Then, just a few minutes ago, it came to me. It's Cole! James Cole. Remember him? The paranoid who pulled the Houdini back in `89. Well, he's back and he's...cuckoo...and he's looking for you. I thought you oughta know.

The machine switches off. The POLICE OFFICERS exchange a look.

MARILOU MARTIN
It's just as I told you -- my husband and I had gone ahead -- she never showed. That's totally unlike her!

OFFICER TWO
(pulls out his notebook)
Do you happen to know the make of her car?

MARILOU MARTIN
Um...Acura...`92 Acura. ... Also, that cat's starving! She would never neglect her cat!

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

The ACURA is parked outside room 46 of the HIGHWAYS & BYWAYS MOTEL, which has definitely seen better days.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 46

The TV is on. A commercial is just starting. A catfood jingle.

The sound of HEAVY BREATHING.

ANGLE ON COLE, sweating, BREATHING HEAVILY, sprawled on one side of the double bed, sound asleep.

INT. CONCOURSE/AIRPORT - DAY (THE DREAM)

GUNSHOT! YOUNG COLE glimpses the BLONDE MAN staggering, wounded.

The mysterious BRUNETTE races past him toward the BLONDE MAN, and YOUNG COLE again glimpses the resemblance to RAILLY, in spite of the dark hair, the make-up, the flashy earrings.

Close at hand, YOUNG COLE'S FATHER, his face still out of view, says,

FATHER'S VOICE (o.s.)
Son, it's important for your cat to have the nourishment necessary for healthy bones and a rich coat.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 46

COLE comes awake with a start. He stares, disoriented, at the CATFOOD COMMERCIAL on the TV.

RAILLY'S VOICE (o.s.)
Please untie me. I'm very uncomfortable.

COLE turns to RAILLY, beside him on the bed, frightened and helpless, her jacket arranged to restrain her like a strait-jacket.

COLE'S instinct is to free her at once, but he controls his impulse. He looks away, gets up, and, wincing, limps to the dresser, stepping around empty fast-food cartons. He pulls a razor and shaving soap from a paper bag, then goes into the bathroom, leaving the door open, and starts to shave.

COLE
You were in my dream just now. Your hair was different, but I'm sure it was you.

RAILLY
We dream about what's important in our lives. And I seem to have become pretty important in yours. What was the dream about?

COLE
About an airport...before everything happened. It's the same dream I always have -- the only one. I'm a little kid in it.

RAILLY
And I was in it? What did I do?

COLE
You were very upset. You're always very upset in the dream, but I never knew it was you before.

RAILLY
It wasn't me before, James. It's become me now because of...what's happening. Please untie me.

Finished shaving, COLE re-enters the bedroom, toweling his face.

COLE
No, I think it was always you. It's very strange.

RAILLY
You're flushed. And you were moaning. I think you're running a fever. What are you doing?

COLE is rummaging through RAILLY'S wallet, pulling out money.

COLE
I'll be back in a minute.

He heads for the door.

RAILLY
No! Don't leave me here like this!

Too late! He shuts the door behind him, leaving her alone.

ANGLE ON THE TV SCREEN, where an ANCHORMAN sits at a News Set.

TV ANCHORMAN
And in Fresno, California...crews continue to attempt to rescue nine year old Ricky Neuman.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, twisting and struggling on the bed, trying to get loose, tears welling in her eyes.

TV ANCHORMAN (cont. o.s.)
The boy was playing ball with four other children when he literally disappeared off the face of the earth.

EXT. MOTEL CORRIDOR - MORNING

COLE puzzles over a junk food vending machine, inserts coins tentative

INT. MOTEL ROOM

ANGLE ON TV, the picture of RAILLY filling the screen.

COLE
My notes. Observations. Clues.

RAILLY
Clues? What kind of clues?

COLE
A secret army. The Army of The Twelve Monkeys. I've told you about them. They spread the virus. That's why we have to get to Philadelphia. I have to find them -- it's my assignment.

RAILLY
What will you do...when you find this...secret army?

COLE
I just have to locate the virus in its original form before it mutates. So scientists can come back and study it and find a cure. So that those of us who survived can go back to the surface of the earth.

RAILLY maintains a professional deadpan, says nothing as they pass a pickup truck with a MOTHER, FATHER, and five KIDS in the back.

COLE stares at the KIDS, a sad look in his eyes.

COLE
You won't think I'm crazy next month. People are going to start dying. At first the papers will say it's some weird fever, some virus. Then they'll begin to catch on. They'll get it.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (o.s.)
We interrupt this program with a special bulletin...

RAILLY and COLE both react to the radio, suddenly alert.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (o.s.)
This report just in from Fresno, California. Naval sonar specialists who were flown to the site...

COLE
I thought it was about us. I thought maybe they'd found us and arrested me or something.

RAILLY stares at COLE.

COLE
Just a joke.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (o.s.)
-- an hour ago have been unable to determine the location of the boy in the 150 foot shaft...but a TV sound man who lowered an ultra-sensitive microphone into the narrow tube claims he heard breathing sounds coming from approximately seventy feet down...

COLE reaches over and changes stations. MUSIC again.

RAILLY
Does that disturb you, James? Thinking about that little boy in the well?

COLE
When I was a kid I identified with that kid, down there alone in that pipe...a hundred feet down -- doesn't know if they're going to save him.

RAILLY
What do you mean -- when you were a kid?

COLE
Nevermind. It's not real -- it's a hoax. A prank. He's hiding in a barn. Hey, turn left here. Left!

COLE quickly checks the map as RAILLY stares, then turns left.

E.I. SKID ROW STREET/PHILADELPHIA - DAY

An elderly EVANGELIST with long stringy hair, wearing a tattered bathrobe, stands on a Skid Row corner WAVING a worn Bible as he rants at disinterested DERELICTS, WINOS, and BAG LADIES.

EVANGELIST
"And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged."

ANGLE ON RAILLY'S ACURA, crawling down the street, RAILLY driving, COLE, beside her, staring out the window.

INT. ACURA/SKID ROW STREET

COLE is scrutinizing the crumbling walls, boarded-up store fronts, tattered posters, decaying signs, miserable "RESIDENTS".

COLE
Where I come from we think of this as Eden. If we could just see the sun, eat sun-grown food. Eden! Look at them! They don't know what they have. They don't see the sky. They don't feel the air!

COLE'S POV: a BMW speeds toward them, passes, its radio BLARING!

COLE (o.s.)
And the ones who aren't hungry are so smug they haven't a clue. WAIT! STOP!

EXT. ACURA/SKID ROW

On foot now, COLE pulls an astonished RAILLY to a wall covered with graffiti, a hopeless tangle of symbols, words, and crude pictures.

Clueless, RAILLY stares at the wall, then at COLE.

COLE touches a bit of red-stenciled graffiti hidden under gang insignias. We can just see TWELVE MONKEYS holding hands in a circle.

COLE
The Twelve Monkeys!!! They're here.
(looks around)
Somewhere. Come on!

He pulls her along the sidewalk. No question, he's insane.

At the next alley entrance, COLE stops abruptly. Then, still keeping a firm grip on RAILLY'S arm, he starts ripping down newly tacked-up posters announcing a Rap concert.

RAILLY stares at him, then turns and is looking all around when, suddenly, COLE pulls her up tight and threatens...

COLE
Look, I'm warning you. You do anything, I'm going to go crazy -- hurt people!

RAILLY
I'm not going to "do" anything, I promise. But you need help, James. None of this is what you think it is.

ANGLE ON COLE, not listening, staring triumphantly! He's found another partially obscured stencil of THE TWELVE MONKEYS!

But just then, a raspy VOICE startles COLE.

RASPY VOICE (o.s)
You can't hide from them, Bob.

COLE whirls, sees a derelict, LOUIE, leering at him, speaking in a voice eerily like the RASPY VOICE from the next cell in the future.

LOUIE
No, sir, Old Bob -- don't even try.
(conspiratorially)
They hear everything. They got that tracking device on you. They can find you anywhere. Anytime. Ha Ha!

RAILLY looks from LOUIE to COLE, sees COLE'S stunned reaction.

LOUIE
(touches his back jaw)
In the tooth, Bob! Right?
(sudden triumphant grin)
But I fooled 'em, old buddy!

He opens his mouth wide. NO TEETH!

COLE grabs RAILLY and pulls her into the alley and down it.

COLE
They're keeping an eye on me.

RAILLY
Who's keeping an eye on you?

COLE
The man...with the voice. I recognized him. He's from the present. He...

COLE breaks off, freezes as he sees...

there on a brick wall is a stencil of the DANCING MONKEYS!

And further on, another red stencil!

EXT. VACANT LOT - MOMENTS LATER (DAY)

CRACKHEADS huddle against a building, sucking their pipes, oblivious to COLE pulling RAILLY past.

COLE scans the walls for messages in the confusion of graffiti.

RAILLY is considering her surroundings dubiously when, suddenly, COLE pulls her toward the mouth of a dark and forbidding alley.

RAILLY
James, no -- we shouldn't be here!

COLE ignores her, yanking her after him into the alley.

INT. DARK ALLEY - DAY

Two TOM CATS face off, arching their backs and HISSING menacingly.

COLE avoids them as he pulls RAILLY into the gloom.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, seeing something alarming twenty yards ahead!

RAILLY'S POV: TWO THUGS, standing over a MAN, kicking him.

RAILLY tries to stop, but COLE, intent on the wall messages, doesn't notice the THUGS.

The TWO THUGS turn and spot COLE and RAILLY moving toward them. These creeps have mean eyes, predator faces.

RAILLY digs her heels in, forcing COLE to stop.

RAILLY
James! We have to go back. Those men...

Too late. While COLE turns and stares at her, uncomprehending, the TWO THUGS are approaching.

FIRST THUG
Hey, buddy.

Startled, COLE turns to face them.

The SECOND THUG lunges for RAILLY'S purse, yanks it from her.

COLE reaches to grab it back, but...WHACK! The FIRST THUG smacks COLE hard across the face with something metallic.

Bloody-faced, dazed, COLE doesn't even have a chance to clear his head as the FIRST THUG shoves the hard object against COLE'S cheek. It's a cheap thirty-eight pistol.

RAILLY turns to run, gets two steps before the SECOND THUG knocks her roughly to the ground.

SECOND THUG
Stick around, bitch.

Looming over her, the SECOND THUG starts to unzip his fly. RAILLY looks over to COLE, sees...

COLE dropping to his knees, groveling at the FIRST THUG'S feet.

COLE
Please! Please don't hurt me!

The FIRST THUG steps close, kicks COLE contemptuously, cocks his foot for a second kick when...

COLE uncoils, lunging, rising, his strong arms around the bigger man's calves, lifting him mightily, high off the ground.

The gun FIRES wildly as COLE staggers forward with the FIRST THUG in his arms and smashes the man into the brick wall behind him. The FIRST THUG goes down in a heap, dropping the pistol.

Zipping his fly hastily, the SECOND THUG turns to deal with COLE but COLE attacks him...rocking him again and again with savage blows that come one after another with lightning speed. The SECOND THUG staggers back, bloody and dazed as RAILLY watches, amazed.

Turning back to the FIRST THUG, COLE sees the MAN reaching for the dropped pistol.

COLE kicks him viciously in the jaw. The FIRST THUG'S head whips back. SNAP! He collapses against the brick wall.

COLE turns back to see the SECOND THUG retreating down the alley as fast as he can stagger.

RAILLY stares up at COLE. He looks very dangerous. He glances in her direction as he pockets the pistol.

COLE
Are you hurt?

RAILLY
Un, no. Yes. I mean, just some scrapes...

As RAILLY gets to her feet, she sees COLE bend over the motionless THUG and quickly go through his pockets.

RAILLY
Is he...alive?

COLE ignores the question as he pockets the man's wallet and a handful of bullets, then turns and snaps at RAILLY.

COLE
Come on. We're running out of time.
You can't help him.

As COLE yanks her roughly away, she looks back, sees the FIRST THUG 3 sightless eyes, wide open...staring blankly.

RAILLY
Oh, Jesus, James! You killed him!

COLE
I did him a favor. Now come on.

COLE, pulling her again, sees more "12 MONKEYS" on the wall.

RAILLY
You didn't have a gun before, did you?

COLE
I've got one now.

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - DAY

The EVANGELIST, spotting COLE and RAILLY hurrying past him, points urgently at COLE.

EVANGELIST
You! You! You're one of us, aren't you?

But COLE has stopped and is staring at...

A STOREFRONT OFFICE...its windows covered with posters. The sign over the office says, FREEDOM FOR ANIMALS ASSOCIATION!

INT. FAA STORE - MOMENTS LATER (DAY)

Earnest young activists, FALE, deathly pale, BEN, long haired, and TEDDY, muscular, are gathered around a counter collating leaflets that demand an END TO SPECIEISM. Behind them, a large poster proclaims, "ANIMALS HAVE SOULS, TOO". Just then, there's a tremendous CLAP OF THUNDER as the ACTIVISTS look up and see COLE and RAILLY enter.

COLE looks startled. It sounds like torrential RAIN POURING in here. Maintaining a tight grip on RAILLY'S wrist, he looks around frantically for an explanation for the tropical downpour.

Bookshelves line two walls. The front window is blanked out with posters of Animal Rights demonstrations, newspaper clippings, photos of animal atrocities. The fourth wall features the counter where the three ACTIVISTS face COLE as a JUNGLE BIRD SCREAMS in the DOWNPOUR.

FALE
Uh, can we help you?

COLE looks confused as the RAIN abates and an ELEPHANT trumpets an urgent warning.

FALE
Excuse me. You looking for something in particular?

RAILLY
It's all right, James -- it's just a tape.

COLE'S eyes follow her look. It's a tape recorder underneath a sign advertising, "THE TRUE MUSIC OF THE WORLD".

COLE
I, uh, I'm looking for the, uh, the Army of the Twelve Monkeys.

FALE glances at BEN and TEDDY. "We have a problem!" the look says. MONKEYS start CHATTERING on the tape as TEDDY comes around the counter, bigger than COLE, physically imposing, menacing.

TEDDY
We don't know anything about any "Army of the Twelve Monkeys", so why don't you and your friend disappear, okay?

COLE backs away, a firm grip on RAILLY, as a LION ROARS.

COLE
I just need some information...

TEDDY
Didn't you hear me? We're not...

TEDDY breaks off mid-sentence...freezes.

COLE is pointing a pistol at them. A TIGER SNARLS.

RAILLY
James, no -- don't hurt them.
(to the activists)
Please, I'm a psychiatrist -- just do whatever he tells you to do. He's... upset -- disturbed. Please -- he's dangerous -- just cooperate.

MONKEYS CHATTER wildly as TEDDY backs up.

FALE
What do you want -- money? We only have a few bucks.

COLE is suddenly very much in charge and self-confident again. A BABOON HOWLS with laughter.

COLE
I told you what I want.
(snaps at Railly)
Lock the door!

RAILLY
James, why don't we...?

COLE
Lock it now!

RAILLY hurries to the door to lock it as BEN says to FALE,

BEN
I told you that fuckhead Mason would get us into something like this.

FALE
Shut up!

COLE
Mason???

RAILLY
Jeffrey Mason?

BEN
Yeah, fucking, crazy Jeffrey Mason.

INT. FAA STORE BASEMENT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER (DAY)

The three ACTIVISTS are tied tightly together in the middle of the floor in this dimly-lit, windowless basement. They're very frightened, eager to cooperate.

FALE
Then, Jeffrey becomes like this...big star -- the media latch on to him because he's picketing his own father, a "famous Nobel Prize winning virologist". You musta seen all that on TV.

COLE
No, I don't watch TV.

COLE, the gun next to him, rummages through boxes of papers while RAILLY watches helplessly. Suddenly, COLE finds something he thinks he's seen before. He holds it up.

COLE
Is this him -- Dr. Mason?

It's a photograph of DR. MALCOLM MASON, being accosted by a phalanx of riot cops through a mob of raging activists.

FALE
That's him.

BEN
(very frightened)
What are you going to do with us?

COLE
(stares at the photo, then)
Tell me more about Jeffrey.

FALE
(a helpless shrug to his cohorts)
Jeffrey started getting bored with the shit we do...picketing, leafleting, letter-writing stuff. He said we were, "ineffectual liberal jerkoffs". He wanted to do guerrilla "actions" to "educate" the public.

COLE holds up a clipping showing horrified SENATORS standing on their desks as RATTLESNAKES slither along the Senate Floor.

FALE
Yeah, that's when he let a hundred snakes loose in the Senate.

TEDDY
But we weren't into that kind of stuff. It's counter productive, we told him.

FALE
So he and eleven others split off and became this underground..."army".

COLE
The Army of The Twelve Monkeys.

BEN
They started planning a "Human Hunt".

TEDDY
They bought stun guns and nets and bear traps. They were gonna go to Wall Street and trap lawyers and bankers...

BEN
But they didn't do it. They didn't do any of it.

TEDDY
Yeah, just like always, Mr. Big Shot sold his friends out!

COLE
What's that mean?

FALE
He goes on TV, gives a news conference, tells the whole world he just realized his daddy's experiments are vital for humanity and that the use of animals is absolutely necessary and that he, Jeffrey Mason, from now on, is going to personally supervise the labs to make sure all the little animals aren't going to suffer.

COLE
(holding up a rolodex)
What's this?

EXT. FREEWAY - AFTERNOON

In the crawling traffic, WE FIND a battered FORD covered with bumper stickers and painted slogans. "I BRAKE FOR ANIMALS"... "FREE THE ANIMALS"..."WOULD YOU LET A MINK WEAR YOUR SKIN?"

RAILLY (v.o.)
You can't just barge in on a famous scientist. They'll have security guards, gates, alarm systems. It's insane, James.

INT. MOVING FORD/FREEWAY

A ROLODEX CARD with an address on "Outerbridge Road" for "Jeffrey Mason c/o Dr. Malcolm Mason" rests on a map spread across COLE'S lap. COLE is in the passenger seat, RAILLY'S at the wheel, maneuvering in heavy traffic.

RAILLY
If those young men don't get loose, they could die in that basement.

COLE glances out the window, indicates the PEOPLE in passing cars...COMMUTERS, FAMILIES, TRUCKERS.

COLE
All I see are dead people. Everywhere. What's three more?

RAILLY
(a beat, carefully, a new tack)
You know Dr. Mason's son, Jeffrey Mason, don't you, James? You met him in the County Hospital six years ago.

COLE is studying the map again.

COLE
The guy was a total fruitcake.

RAILLY
And he told you then his father was a famous virologist.

COLE is absorbed in the map, his finger tracing "Outerbridge Road".

COLE
No -- he said his father was "God"!

EXT./INT. FORD/COUNTRY HIGHWAY - LATER (DAY)

The RADIO BLARES a country song as the Ford zips along an open highway. COLE has his head out the window, sucking air, loving the music, but his bliss is feverish now -- he's not well. As the SONG ends, he pulls his head inside. An ANNOUNCER'S VOICE intones over the RADIO...

RADIO ANNOUNCER (o.s.)
This just in: police are widening their search for Dr. Kathryn Railly, prominent psychiatrist and author. Authorities confirm that Dr. Railly has been abducted by escaped mental patient, James Cole. The two are believed to be traveling in Railly's 1992 black Acura, license plate H-E-A-D-D-R.

RAILLY glances at him, sees he's in pain. She feels so badly for him. She wants to help him. She says, tenderly...

RAILLY
This can't go on, James. You're not well. You're burning with fever.

COLE, refusing to succumb, instead, leans over to check the gas gauge.

COLE
We need gas.

RAILLY
I thought you didn't know how to drive.

COLE
I said I was too young to drive. I didn't say I was stupid.

RAILLY
What's the matter with your leg?

COLE
I got shot. Look -- there's a gas station up ahead.

RAILLY
Shot! Who shot you?

COLE
It was some kind of...war. Never mind, you wouldn't believe me. Turn off here.

INT. PARKED FORD/GAS STATION - MINUTES LATER (AFTERNOON)

The GAS STATION ATTENDANT checks the oil while COLE and RAILLY remain in the car. She's pulling a gas card from her wallet.

COLE
You were going to run out of gas on purpose, weren't you?

RAILLY
No. I want you to turn yourself in, James -- It'll go much better for you if you do -- but I'm not going to trick you.

COLE
(sees the credit card)
That has your name on it. Give him cash.

RAILLY puts the card back into her wallet and pulls out cash as the GAS STATION ATTENDANT slams the hood down.

RAILLY starts opening the door. Alarmed, COLE tries to stop her.

COLE
Where are you going?

She looks him in the eye, then indicates the tiny Convenience Store appended to the Gas Station.

RAILLY
You can come with me. I have to get some things. Scissors, bandages, some alcohol or whiskey. ... I have to look at your leg, James. I'm a doctor.

COLE looks helpless, hesitant. She's in charge...for the moment.

EXT. CLEARING/WOODS - AN HOUR LATER (LATE AFTERNOON)

The sun dazzles through the canopy of leaves. We HEAR the CAR RADIO but not the engine.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
Meanwhile in Fresno, where mining engineers continue their desperate attempt to sink a shaft parallel to the one in which nine year old...

COLE, in his underwear, leans back on a large rock beside the Ford, his pants hanging on the car's open door. He's staring up at the sun and the sky RAILLY finishes bandaging his thigh.

RAILLY
You shouldn't put your weight on it. You need stitches and antibiotics. Lucky for you it was near the surface.

RAILLY wraps the bullet in some gauze and sticks it in her pocket while COLE continues staring up at the sky.

COLE
I love seeing the sun.

A beat. COLE tries to stand up.

RAILLY
Wait -- let me help you.

RAILLY puts an arm around him and helps him to his feet. A beat. They're very close. They don't move. RAILLY looks like she can barely breathe.

COLE
(leans closer, shuts his eyes)
You smell so good.

RAILLY
(trying to concentrate)
You have to give yourself up, you know.

A beat. The spell is broken. He reaches for his pants, then turns back to her, suddenly grim.

COLE
I have to do something now. Something I don't want to do. I'm so sorry.

RAILLY reacts, sudden fear in her eyes. He looms over her. He's cold now, steeled.

COLE
I have a mission. It's important.

RAILLY steps back...horrified, realizing she's going to die.

EXT. MASON MANSION - NIGHT

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT ambles vigilantly among the rows of luxury cars parked beside the brightly-lit rural mansion. Encountering another AGENT, he pauses.

FIRST AGENT
They find him?

SECOND AGENT
Who??

FIRST AGENT
That kid. The one in the pipe.

SECOND AGENT
You believe this? They're dropping a monkey down there with a miniature infra-red camera strapped on him and a roast beef sandwich wrapped in tinfoil.

FIRST AGENT
You're making that up!

ANGLE UNDER A PARKED MERCEDES, where COLE is hiding, listening to the receding VOICES of the AGENTS.

SECOND AGENT (o.s.)
I shit you not. ... Man, life is weird! A monkey and a sandwich. Wonder who thought that one up.

FIRST AGENT (o.s.)
Probly give the sonafabitch a Nobel Prize!

Quickly, COLE rolls to the next car and under it. He doesn't see...the pistol fell out of his pocket, under the Mercedes.

INT. MASON MANSION/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A formal dinner for forty. Desert has been served. DR. MALCOLM MASON rises to the enthusiastic applause of the GUESTS.

DR. MASON
Would that I could enjoy this opulent dinner and this excellent and stimulating company for itself, with no sense of purpose. But alas, I am "burdened" with the sense that with all this excess of public attention and this cacophony of praise, there comes great responsibility. Indeed, I practically feel a soapbox growing under my feet whenever I stand for more than a few seconds.

While GUESTS laugh at DR. MASON'S last remark, SECRET SERVICE AGENT #3 enters the room, scowling, looking for someone.

DR. MASON (o.s.)
The dangers of science are a time worn threat, from Prometheus stealing fire from the Gods to the Cold War era of the Dr. Strangelove Terror.

AGENT #3 spots who he's looking for. JEFFREY MASON!

DR. MASON (cont.)
But never before, not even at Los Alamos when the scientists made bets on whether their first atomic bomb test would wipe out New Mexico, has science given us so much reason to fear the power we have at hand.

ANGLE ON JEFFREY, as AGENT #3 whispers in his ear.

JEFFREY
What are you talking about? What friend? I'm not expecting anyone.

ANGLE ON DR. MASON, reacting with irritation to the disturbance.

DR. MASON
Current genetic engineering as well as my own work with viruses has presented us with powers as terrifying as any...

ANGLE ON JEFFREY, following the AGENT out of the dining room, grumbling loudly enough to disturb his father's audience.

JEFFREY
This is ridiculous. My father is making a major address.

INT. HALLWAY/MASON MANSION

The conversation continues as JEFFREY and AGENT #3 enter the hall.

AGENT #3
Normally if we caught a guy sneaking around like this with no I.D., we'd bust his ass, excuse the French, but this one said he knows you....
(smirk, smirk)
-- and, since you seem to have had some...uh...unusual...uh..."associates", we certainly didn't want to arrest one of your, uh, closest...pals.

INT. LIBRARY/MASON MANSION

COLE, smudged with dirt and car grease, sitting in the shadows in a wingback chair, looks up as JEFFREY and AGENT #3 enter the room. A FOURTH AGENT looms beside the wingback chair.

JEFFREY
(dismissing Cole casually)
Never saw him before in my life. Go ahead and shoot him or torture him or whatever it is you do.

COLE
(rising)
You do know me. You helped me once.

JEFFREY
(turning to leave)
That would be totally out of character. Helping people is against my principles.
(MORE)

JEFFREY (CONTINUING)
(to the Agents)
See, he definitely doesn't know me. Now, I'm going to go back and listen to my father's very eloquent discourse on the perils of science WHILE YOU TORTURE THIS INTRUDER TO DEATH.

COLE
I'm here about some monkeys.

Halfway out the door, JEFFREY freezes. A beat.

JEFFREY
Excuse me -- what did you say?

COLE
Monkeys. Twelve of them.

JEFFREY frowns, turns, considers COLE. Then, suddenly, JEFFREY rushes to COLE and embraces him.

JEFFREY
Arnold...Arnold.

COLE is astonished. The AGENTS are, too.

JEFFREY
(stepping back)
My God, Arnie, what's happened to you? You look like shit!

AGENT #3
(dubious)
You know this man?

JEFFREY
Of course I know him. What do you think -- I act like this to strangers? Listen -- you fellas are terrific! I thought you were pulling a number on me. What a terrible thing if you'd thrown old Arnie out! I owe you guys the big apologia! Mea culpa, fellas.
(turning to Cole)
Christ, Arnie, it's black tie! I mean, I said, "drop by," but, like, this is Dad's big "do"...vips, senators, secret service, and...and everything.

JEFFREY throws an arm around COLE'S shoulder and starts leading him toward the door as the two AGENTS exchange narrow-eyed looks.

AGENT #4
"Arnie?"

JEFFREY
Arnold Pettibone. Old Arnie Pettibone. Used to be my best friend. Still is. What've you lost, Arnie -- forty pounds? No wonder I didn't know you. You hungry? Lots of dead cow, dead lamb, dead pig. Real killer feast we're putting on tonight.

The AGENTS watch JEFFREY lead the limping, disheveled COLE out.

AGENT #4
These people -- all of 'em -- are true weirdoes!

AGENT #3
(moving to the phone)
I'm gonna call in a description of this "Pettibone" character. You go keep an eye on him. Make sure he doesn't do one of the guests with a fork.

INT. HALLWAY/MASON MANSION

GUESTS pouring from the dining room into the hall meet JEFFREY and a very disconcerted COLE.

JEFFREY
Hey, nice ta see ya. Lookin' good! Hi, there. Yes, it has been a long time.

In the b.g., too far away to hear them, AGENT #4 trails JEFFREY and COLE as they maneuver through the GUESTS toward the grand staircase.

JEFFREY
(whispers to Cole)
County Hospital, right? 1989. The "Immaculate Escape" -- am I right?
(smiling to guests)
Why, thank you -- you look wonderful, too.

COLE
Listen to me -- I can't do anything about what you're going to do. I can't change anything. I can't stop you. I just want some information...

JEFFREY
We need to talk. Come on. Upstairs.
(to a guest)
I am a new person! I'm completely adjusted. Witness the tux. It's Armani.
(whispers to Cole)
Who chattered? Goines? Weller?

COLE
I just need to have access to the pure virus, that's all! For the future!

JEFFREY studies COLE. COLE doesn't just talk crazy. He looks crazy!

JEFFREY
Come on, follow me. You don't look so good.

JEFFREY starts guiding COLE up the grand staircase as COLE, glancing back, spots AGENT #3 and AGENT #4, both keeping an eye on him now.

COLE
I don't have time to go upstairs. The police are looking for me. I need to know where it is and exactly what it is.

JEFFREY
(brightening suddenly)
I get it! This is your old plan, right?

COLE
Plan? What are you talking about?

JEFFREY
Remember? We were in the dayroom, watching TV, and you were all upset about the...desecration of the planet. And you said to me, "Wouldn't it be great if there was a germ or a virus that could wipe out mankind and leave the plants and animals just as they are?" You do remember that, don't you?

COLE
Bullshit! You're fucking with my head!

JEFFREY
And that's when I told you my father was this famous virologist and you said, "Hey, he could make a germ and we could steal it!"

COLE
(grabbing Jeffrey)
Listen, you dumb fuck! The thing mutates! We live underground! The world belongs to the fucking dogs and cats. We're like moles or worms. All we want to do is study the original...

AGENT #4'S VOICE
Okay -- take it easy. We know who you are, Mr. Cole.

COLE feels a firm grip on his shoulder, turns and sees AGENT #4.

AGENT #4
Let's go somewhere and talk this thing over. Okay? Just come with me...

JEFFREY
You're right! Absolutely right. He's a nut case, totally deranged. Delusional! Paranoid. HIS PROCESSOR'S ALL FUCKED UP, HIS INFORMATION TRAY IS JAMMED.

AGENT #4 is wishing JEFFREY would chill out even as the THIRD AGENT is climbing up the staircase to help.

COLE is like a trapped animal. He's being led down the staircase now with JEFFREY, right on his heels, yelling so EVERYONE can hear.

JEFFREY
YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS, THE "ARMY OF THE TWELVE MONKEYS"? IT'S A COLLECTION OF NATURE KOOKS WHO RUN A STORE DOWNTOWN. SPACE-CASE DO-GOODERS SAVING RAIN FORESTS. I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THOSE BOZOS ANYMORE. I QUIT BEING THE RICH KID FALL GUY FOR A BUNCH OF INEFFECTUAL BANANAS. SO MUCH FOR YOUR GRAND PLOT!

COLE stares back at JEFFREY as both AGENTS hustle COLE down the stairs. It sounds true! JEFFREY'S so confident.

AGENT #3
Take it easy, Mr. Mason, we've got him. Everything's...

JEFFREY
MY FATHER HAS BEEN WARNING PEOPLE ABOUT THE DANGERS OF EXPERIMENTATION WITH VIRUSES AND DNA FOR YEARS. YOU'VE "PROCESSED" THAT INFORMATION THROUGH YOUR ADDLED PARANOID INFRA-STRUCTURE AND LO AND BEHOLD, I'M FRANKENSTEIN AND THE "ARMY OF THE TWELVE MONKEYS" BECOMES SOME SORT OF SINISTER REVOLUTIONARY CABAL. THIS MAN IS TOTALLY BATSHIT! YOU KNOW WHERE HE THINKS HE COMES FROM???

Suddenly, COLE, catching the AGENTS by surprise, wrenches free, shoves them aside, and stumbles down the rest of the staircase.

INT. FOYER/MASON MANSION

COLE heads for the front door, but there's an AGENT there! COLE turns and limps madly toward the dining room, pushing his way through the crowd of amazed GUESTS.

INT. DINING ROOM/MASON MANSION

SERVANTS, clearing the table, look up astonished as two AGENTS burst into the room.

AGENT #4
Did a man just come through here...limping?

INT. KITCHEN/MASON MANSION

COOKS stare, amazed, as two OTHER AGENTS burst into the kitchen and look about urgently.

INT. DEN/MASON MANSION

A large projection TV is on and a knot of GUESTS is gathered in front of it...watching the spooky VIDEO IMAGES.

TV REPORTER (v.o.)
These pictures we are seeing are coming to us live from deep inside the pipe. You can just make out the metal wall behind those roots and I guess those must be spider webs.

MRS. McCANN, a guest, watching the TV, expresses concern...

MRS. McCANN
Well, if you ask me, I think that monkey is going to eat the sandwich himself.

Just then, two AGENTS burst into the den.

The GUESTS turn from the TV, startled, stare open-mouthed, but the AGENTS have spotted an open window and are hurrying to it.

AGENTS POV OUT THE WINDOW: the rows of expensive parked CARS.

ON THE TV SCREEN, RAILLY'S photograph appears.

TV ANCHOR (v.o.)
This just in: Police say that the body of a woman found strangled in the Knutson State Park could be kidnap victim, Dr. Kathryn Railly.

As the AGENTS run out of the room, a photo of RAILLY'S abandoned Acura comes up on the TV screen.

TV ANCHOR (v.o.)
Earlier in the day, police located Railly's abandoned car not far from a building where three animal rights activists were found bound and gagged...

EXT. MASON MANSION - MINUTES LATER (NIGHT)

Pistols drawn, AGENTS move cautiously among the rows of parked luxury cars, checking inside and under the vehicles.

AN AGENT'S VOICE (o.s.)
COME ON OUT, MR COLE -- WE'RE NOT GOING TO HURT YOU.

INT. PARKED GREEN JAGUAR

COLE, scrunched down on the floor next to the driver's seat, spots the key dangling from the ignition, then lifts his head slightly to study the shift mechanism, trying to figure it out.

EXT. PARKED CARS/MASON MANSION

AGENTS continue to move cautiously among the parked cars.

INT. PARKED GREEN JAGUAR

COLE eases himself into the driver's seat, tentatively slides the shift into "Drive", then turns the key. Nothing happens.

Panic. COLE studies the shift again.

EXT. PARKED CARS/MANSION

AGENT #5 approaches the row where the Jaguar is parked.

INT. PARKED GREEN JAGUAR

COLE slides the shift from D (Drive) to N (Neutral). He twists the key again. The engine ROARS...SEVEN THOUSAND RPM!

EXT. LAWN/MANSION

AGENT #5 whirls at the sound.

SMASH. The JAGUAR clips the Mercedes parked in front of it and accelerates right at him!

AGENT #5 dives aside just as the speeding JAGUAR whizzes past him, slams into a parked Cadillac, bounces off, grinds between two other parked vehicles with a fierce scream of tearing metal.

INT. MOVING JAGUAR

Caught between two cars, COLE can only lean on the gas pedal.

The JAGUAR comes free with a great SCCCREEEEECH...

COLE sees the driveway ahead in the moonlight. Steering madly, he plows through shrubs and gardens heading for the driveway.

EXT. MASON MANSION - NIGHT

Lights off, veering wildly, the JAGUAR reaches the driveway.

AGENTS are leaping into cars and a HELICOPTER is coming to life, its rotors whipping around.

INT. SPEEDING JAGUAR/OUTERBRIDGE ROAD - NIGHT

COLE turns onto the road, careening crazily from one side to the other, unable to see ahead with no headlights.

COLE
LIGHTS! LIGHTS!

He starts hitting switches. The wipers come on, the RADIO BLARES.

RADIO REPORTER'S VOICE/RADIO (o.s.)
---when they pulled the monkey out, it was still clutching the tinfoil wrapped sandwich.

Rounding a bend, an ONCOMING CAR heads straight at COLE.

COLE yanks the wheel as tne OTHER CAR, horn BLARING, just misses him.

Recovering, COLE loses the road, speeds crazily along the shoulder.

INT. FLYING HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The PILOT, an agent, steers the chopper while the CO-PILOT pans a spotlight over the two lane road beneath them.

Just then, the PILOT sees headlights below.

PILOT
There! He's showing lights.

INT. SPEEDING JAGUAR - NIGHT

COLE can see the road now in his headlights as the windshield wipers scrape frantically and the RADIO BLARES...

RADIO REPORTER'S VOICE/RADIO (o.s.)
We don't know what to think. They didn't locate him and they don't know how much longer he can last, that's assuming the boy is still alive.

A spotlight hits the car and COLE hears the sound of the HELICOPTER as it lowers over him!

EXT. OUTERBRIDGE ROAD

The HELICOPTER maneuvers over the speeding JAGUAR.

INT. SPEEDING JAGUAR

COLE can see the underbelly of the HELICOPTER a few feet above his front windshield.

Desperate, he yanks the wheel hard, veering off the road.

COLE'S POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: dense woods ahead.

EXT. HELICOPTER/WOODS

The chopper pulls up sharply, avoiding the trees, then levels out.

INT. HELICOPTER

The PILOT skims the top of the trees while the CO-PILOT rakes the forest below with his spotlight.

PILOT
Goddamnit! Where is he?

The CO-PILOT gets a brief glimpse of headlights through the leaves.

CO-PILOT
There! Over there.

PILOT
Where?

CO-PILOT
Eight o'clock! He was right there.

The headlights are gone. Nothing but darkness below.

PILOT
He musta turned his lights off.

CO-PILOT
Couldn't drive down there without lights. We just can't see 'em.

PILOT
Maybe he's not driving!

EXT. WOODS - LATER (NIGHT)

A weather forecast BLARES from the radio of the steaming Jaguar, crumpled into a tree, the driver's door open.

A POLICE OFFICER, pistol drawn, approaches the car cautiously, as OTHER OFFICERS and AGENTS stay behind trees, weapons ready.

The POLICE OFFICER lunges forward, pointing his weapon into the Jaguar. He inspects the car, then turns and calls out...

POLICE OFFICER
He's not in here.

EXT. WOODS/CLEARING - NIGHT

Limping, bleeding from various cuts, COLE CRASHES through underbrush as he follows a stream through the woods.

Suddenly, he sees what he's looking for.

The FORD...barely visible in the moonlight, parked in the trees beside the stream. The car looks empty.

INT. TRUNK/FORD

Total blackness! The sound of keys in the lock.

Then, the trunk swings open and COLE stands in the moonlight, looking down.

RAILLY is in the trunk, tears of rage and frustration in her eyes.

RAILLY
You bastard! You total bastard!

EXT. FORD

COLE backs away, as RAILLY scrambles out of the trunk, swinging.

He slips, falls, and she starts kicking him as she rants hysterically.

RAILLY
I could have died in there. If something had happened to you I would have died.

COLE is lying on the ground, looking up, his lip caked with blood.

COLE
I...I...I'm really sorry.

Noticing his cuts and torn clothes, she stops kicking him.

RAILLY
What have you done? Did you...kill someone?

COLE
(getting to his feet)
No! I...don't think so. I stole a car and they chased me. I hit a tree.

RAILLY
See -- you can drive after all!

COLE
Yeah, sort of, I guess. I...I'm sorry I locked you up. I thought...I thought... I think maybe I am crazy!

She looks at him. Breakthrough? Very calm now, the doctor.

RAILLY
What made you think that?

COLE
Jeffrey Mason said it was my idea about the virus. And suddenly, I wasn't sure. We talked when I was in the institution, and it was all...fuzzy. The drugs and stuff.
(horrified)
You think maybe I'm the one who wiped out the human race? It was my idea?

RAILLY
Nobody is going to wipe out the human race. Not you or Jeffrey or anybody else. You've created something in your mind, James -- a substitute reality. In order to avoid something you don't want to face

COLE
I'm..."mentally divergent". I would love to believe that.

RAILLY
It can be dealt with, but only if you want to. I can help you.

COLE reacts to the sound of VOICES in the woods, dogs BARKING.

COLE
I need help all right. They're coming after me.

RAILLY
First, it's important that you surrender to them instead of them catching you running. · Okay?

COLE
(brightening)
It would be great if I'm crazy. If I'm wrong about everything...the world will be okay. I'll never have to live underground.

RAILLY
Give me the gun.

COLE
The gun! ... I lost it.

RAILLY
You're sure?

COLE
(showing her)
No gun!
(looking up)
Stars! Air! I can live here. Breathe!

RAILLY starts around to the front of the car.

RAILLY
I'm going to attract their attention, let them know where we are, okay?

RAILLY gets in the driver's seat...and starts to HONK the horn.

RAILLY
(calling out)
They'll tell you to put your hands on top of your head. Do what they tell you. You're going to get better, James -- I know it!

ANGLE ON COLE, spotting something on the ground. An insect! He reaches down to grab it, but, instead, grins, grabs some grass, stands, and starts rubbing it happily all over his face. The HORN BLARES as COLE looks up at the sky.

ANGLE ON THE NIGHT SKY, the moon full, the sky rich with stars.

ANGLE ON COLE, tears of joy running down his face.

COLE
I love this world!

ANGLE ON RAILLY, in the driver's seat, hearing near-by SHOUTS from the woods. The police are almost here. She gets out of the car, starts around toward COLE.

RAILLY
Remember, I'm going to help you. I'll stay with you. I won't let them...

She breaks off mid-sentence...stares, stunned!

COLE is gone. Disappeared.

<u>INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - MORNING</u>

RAILLY is being "debriefed" by POLICE OFFICERS and FBI AGENTS.

RAILLY
Then I said something to him about cooperating and he said he would do that, so I got in the car and started honking the horn. When I got out, he was gone.

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN
You lucked out. For a while we thought you were a body they found down state... mutilated.

A COP enters, hands a photo to LIEUTENANT HALPERIN who studies it.

RAILLY
He wouldn't do somthing like that -- he...

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN
(interrupts, hands her the photo)
This the man he attacked?

RAILLY looks at the photo, an 8 x 10 of the FIRST THUG, slumped against the alley wall, obviously dead.

RAILLY
I'd like to be clear about this. That man and the other one were..."severely" beating us. James Cole didn't start it. In fact -- he saved me!

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN
Funny thing, Doctor, maybe you can explain it to me, you being a psychiatrist -- why do kidnap victims almost always try to tell us about the guys who grabbed 'em and try to make us understand how <u>kind</u> these bastards really were?

RAILLY
(as if reciting)
It's a normal reaction to a life-threatening situation.
(suddenly animated)
He's sick. He thinks he comes from the future. He's been living in a carefully contructed fantasy world and that world is starting to disintegrate. He needs help!

<u>INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE/THE DREAM</u>

YOUNG COLE stares, eyes wide.

He sees the BRUNETTE, cradling the head of the BLONDE MAN as he sprawls on the concourse...

ASTROPHYSICIST'S VOICE (O.S.)
Wake up! Wake up!

GEOLOGIST'S VOICE (O.S.)
I think we gave him too much.

MICROBIOLOGIST'S VOICE(O.S.)
WAKE UP, PRISONER!

INT. SCIENTISTS' CHAMBER - ETERNAL NIGHT

COLE blinks awake. All he can see are blurry faces hovering over him, hammering him with questions.

ASTROPHYSICIST
Come on, Cole, cooperate!

GEOLOGIST
Spit it out... you went to the home of a famous virologist...

COLE
(weakly)
You...don't...exist! You're in my mind...

SCIENTISTS (IN RAPID SUCCESSION)
What? What's that? What did he say? His brain's fried. Give him another shot! SPEAK UP, COLE. WHAT DID YOU DO NEXT?

INT. RAILLY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The TV shows film of RAILLY leaving the police station.

TV REPORTER (v.o.)
The kidnap victim seemed exhausted but apparently unharmed by her 30 hour ordeal as she left the police station in Philadelphia this morning. So far she has refused to make a public statement.

RAILLY'S friends, MARILOU and WAYNE, are watching the TV.

A door opens and KATHRYN RAILLY, wearing a robe, comes out of her bedroom. She still looks exhausted. Followed by her cat, she enters the kitchen area and turns on the kettle as WAYNE hastily turns down the TV.

WAYNE
Sorry.

RAILLY
No -- I'm in a state of hyper-alertness. I can't sleep.

MARILOU
Did you take the sedative?

RAILLY
I hate those things. They mess my head up.

The old mug shot of COLE appears on the screen and RAILLY remotes the volume up.

TV REPORTER (v.o.)
Along with the kidnapping of the Baltimore woman, James Cole is now also wanted in connection with the brutal slaying of Rodney Wiggins, an ex-convict from...

RAILLY goes to the window, pushes aside the drape, and sees...

HER POV: ACROSS THE STREET...A COP keeps watch.

RAILLY (o.s.)
Do they really expect him to come here?

RAILLY returns to the kitchen area where MARILOU is getting the tea things out.

TV REPORTER on air
And in Fresno, California...

RAILLY
(glances sadly toward the TV)
He's dead, isn't he -- that little boy?

WAYNE
He's fine. It was just a "prank" he and his friends pulled.

CLOSE ON RAILLY'S FACE...SHOCKED.

ANGLE ON THE TV SCREEN, showing footage of a sheepish nine year old boy being led out of a barn by the police. The cops look grim.

TV REPORTER (v.o.)
Authorities have so far been noncommittal about whether they will try to file charges against the families of the children involved in the hoax.

RAILLY stares at the TV, stunned.

INT. "HOSPITAL" ROOM - ETERNAL NIGHT

VOICES! SINGING! COLE blinks awake, looks around, confused, then stares in disbelief....

Crowded around COLE'S bed, the SCIENTISTS are concluding a ragged, out of tune, rendition of "BLUEBERRY HILL."

SCIENTISTS
---found my thrills on Blueberry Hill...

Seeing he's awake, SCIENTISTS break off the song and applaud.

SCIENTISTS
Well done, James! Well done! Nice going! Congratulations! Good for you!

BOTANIST
During your "interview," while you were..."under the influence," you told us you liked music!

COLE, confused, looks around, sees he's in a one-bed windowless room adorned with cheap reproductions of 19th and 20th century landscapes.

The BOTANIST responds to COLE'S obvious disbelief with a friendly smile and the others join in rapid fire, overlapping.

ZOOLOGIST
This isn't the prison, James.

BOTANIST
This is a hospital.

ASTROPHYSICIST
But just until you recover your, uh,...equilibrium.

ENGINEER
You're still a little... disoriented.

GEOLOGIST
Stress! Time travel!

ASTROPHYSICIST
You stood up very well, considering...

GEOLOGIST
Superior work! Superior!

BOTANIST
You connected the Army of the 12 Monkeys to a world famous virologist and his son...

MICROBIOLOGIST
Others will take over now...

ZOOLOGIST
We'll be back on the surface in a matter of months....

GEOLOGIST
We'll retake the planet.

ASTROPHYSICIST
We're very close! Because of you!

ENGINEER
(unrolling a document)
This is it, James...what you've been working for.

BOTANIST
A full pardon!

MICROBIOLOGIST
You'll be out of here in no time...

ASTROPHYSICIST
Women will want to get to know you...

COLE
I DON'T WANT YOUR "WOMEN," YOU BRAINLESS TWIT! I WANT TO BE WELL!

Unseen until now, two guards, TINY and SCARFACE, suddenly break through the ring of SCIENTISTS, push COLE down, and tighten the loose restraints, already in place, but unnoticed before.

ASTROPHYSICIST
(sympathetically)
Of course you want to be well, James. And you will be...soon.

COLE bursts into hysterical laughter.

COLE
YOU DON'T EXIST, YOU SILLY BOZOS! YOU'RE NOT REAL! HA HA HA! PEOPLE DON'T TRAVEL IN TIME! YOU AREN'T HERE. I MADE YOU UP! YOU CAN'T TRICK ME! YOU'RE IN MY MIND! I'M INSANE AND YOU'RE MY INSANITY!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON KATHRYN RAILLY, insisting fiercely to someone,

RAILLY
He not only used the word "prank" -- he said the boy was hiding in a barn.

RAILLY's talking to her former boss, DR. OWEN FLETCHER, psychiatrist, sitting across from her in his office, tapping his pen.

DR. FLETCHER
He kidnapped you, Kathryn. You saw him murder someone. You knew there was a real possibility he would kill you, too. You were under tremendous emotional stress.

RAILLY
For God sakes, Owen, listen to me -- he knew about the boy in Fresno and he says three billion people are going to die!

DR. FLETCHER
Kathryn, you know he can't possibly know that. You're a rational person. You're a trained psychiatrist. You know the difference between what's real and what's not.

RAILLY
And what we believe is what's accepted as "truth" now, isn't it, Owen? Psychiatry -- it's the latest religion. And we're the priests -- we decide what's right and what's wrong --we decide who's crazy and who isn't. ... I'm in trouble, Owen. I'm losing my faith.

INT. "HOSPITAL" CELL - ETERNAL NIGHT

Alone in his "hospital" room, COLE struggles without success to free himself from his restraints.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
You sure fucked up, Bob!

Startled, COLE freezes, then ignores the RASPY VOICE and continues his feverish struggle.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
But I can understand you don't want your mistakes pointed out to you. I can relate to that, old Bob.

COLE looks around in spite of himself. Nothing to see but the walls and the landscape paintings.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Hey, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking I don't exist except in your head. I can see that point of view. But you could still talk to me, couldn't you? Carry on a decent conversation?

COLE
(blurting)
I saw you! In 1995! In the real world!
You were a bum! You pulled out your teeth.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Why would I pull out my teeth, Bob?
They don't like that. That's a no-no.
And when did you say you saw me?
In...1872?

COLE
FUCK YOU!

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Yelling won't get you what you want. You have to be smart to get what you want.

COLE
Oh, yeah? What do I want?

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
You don't know what you want? Sure you do, Bob. You know what you want.

COLE, agitated, rocks back and forth. Then...

COLE
Tell me. Tell me what I want.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
To see the sky -- and the ocean -- to be topside -- breathe the air -- to be with her. ... Isn't that right? Isn't that what you want?

Completely shaken, COLE hesitates for a long moment. When he speaks, it comes out of him like air...a whisper.

COLE
More...than...anything.

INT. RAILLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

RAILLY'S in bed, asleep, having a very bad dream. Suddenly, the bedside phone RINGS. Her eyes snap open. A beat to orient herself. RING. She reaches for the phone.

INTERCUT LIEUTENANT HALPERIN'S OFFICE/RAILLY'S BEDROOM

CLOSE ON HALPERIN, at his desk, talking into the phone.

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN
Dr. Railly? Jim Halperin, Philly P.D..
Sorry to call so early but...

CLOSE ON RAILLY, eager, concerned, into the phone,

RAILLY
You found him? Is he all right?

CLOSE ON HALPERIN, noting her reaction with raised eyebrows, giving an "I told you so" look to the BLACK PLAINCLOTHES COP across his desk, then continuing into the phone,

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN
Au contraire, Doctor. No sign of your good friend, the kidnapper. However, the plot thickens. I have a ballistic report on my desk that says the bullet you claim you removed from Mr. Cole's thigh is an antique...and all indications are it was fired...sometime prior to 1920.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, reacting, stunned.

ANGLE ON HALPERIN, continuing soberly now,

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN
So what I was thinking was, maybe if I sent a detective down there to talk with you, you could maybe revise or amplify on the circumstances....
Hello? Hello? Dr. Railly?

HALPERIN considers the dead phone, glances at the COP again.

INT. RAILLY'S BEDROOM/STUDY

Her hand still on the receiver, RAILLY looks shocked. Then, she hurries into her study and starts frantically pulling neatly arranged piles of papers and books from a bookcase until she finds a copy of her book. She leafs through it hurriedly, locates the picture of the Puerto Rican KID (JOSE) in WWI.

Peering closely, she tries to see everything in the picture. Then, she turns and reaches for a research folder of old photographs and rummages through it until she finds...!!!

RAILLY
No!

It's an uncropped shot of JOSE being carried on the stretcher in the trenches. And there in the corner with no helmet, no gas mask, and just a bit of bare shoulder showing...it's COLE!!!

INT. SCIENTISTS' CHAMBER - ETERNAL NIGHT

Clean shaven, clear eyed, COLE sits before the frowning SCIENTISTS.

ASTROPHYSICIST
The food, the sky, the certain, uh, sexual temptations -- you haven't become "addicted" have you, Cole? To that "dying" world?

COLE
No, sir! I just want to do my part. To get us back on top... in charge of the planet. And I have the experience, I know who the people are...

BIOLOGIST
He really is the most qualified...

GEOLOGIST
But all that..."behavior"...

ASTROPHYSICIST
(to Cole, a little hurt)
You said we weren't "real," Cole...

COLE
Well, sir, I don't think the human mind was built to exist in two different... whatever you call it..."dimensions." It's stressful, you said it yourselves, it gets you confused. You don't know what's real and what's not.

MICROBIOLOGIST
But you know what's real now?

COLE
Yes, sir.

The SCIENTISTS start to confer openly among themselves.

GEOLOGIST
He'd have to bone up, catch up to our research, the latest clues...

ZOOLOGIST
He's proved to be a quick study...

The ASTROPHYSICIST fixes COLE with a sharp, penetrating look.

ASTROPHYSICIST
You can't trick us, you know. It wouldn't work.

BIOLOGIST
And why would you want to? It'll be dangerously close to the end.

COLE
I understand. There'd be no point.

ASTROPHYSICIST
We're going to think about it, Cole. Among ourselves. We'll get back to you.

INT. DR. MASON'S OFFICE -DAY

Standing in front of a wall of glass in his office, overlooking a hi-tech lab below where WORKERS in white "space suits" work methodically, DR. MASON speaks angrily into a phone. His male ASSISTANT, whose features we don't see, stops writing a formula on a blackboard and listens.

DR. MASON
You have reason to believe that my son may be planning to do what?!!!

INT. RAILLY'S APARTMENT/STUDY

RAILLY, trying to stay calm, is talking to Dr. Mason on the phone.

RAILLY
Please, I know it sounds insane but...

INT. DR. MASON'S OFFICE

DR. MASON
(into the phone)
I'm afraid this doesn't seem very professional to me, in fact it's distressingly unprofessional for someone who treated my son briefly (if indeed you actually are who you say you are) to take a sudden unsolicited interest in his mental health six years later, and to telephone a parent to express opinions that would be inappropriate...
(breaks off, listens, then)
I don't know anything about "Monkey armies", Doctor. Nothing whatsoever. If my son ever was involved in...
(listens, then,)
It would be doubly inappropriate to discuss matters of security with you, Dr. Railly, but if it will put you at ease, neither my son nor any other unauthorized person has access to any potentially dangerous organisms in this laboratory. Thank you for your concern.

DR. MASON hangs up angrily and glares.

DR. MASON'S ASSISTANT (o.s.)
Dr. "Kathryn" Railly????

DR. MASON
The psychiatrist who was kidnapped by that man who broke into my house. She seems to have been suddenly struck by the most preposterous notion about Jeffrey.

DR. MASON'S ASSISTANT (o.s.)
I attended a lecture once...Apocalytic visions.

We see Dr. Mason's ASSISTANT now. It's DR. PETERS, the red-haired man who insisted to Dr. Railly you didn't have to be insane to think the world was coming to an end.

DR. PETERS (cont.)
Has she succumbed to her own theoretical..."disease"?

But DR. MASON is lost in thought, not listening.

DR. MASON
Given the nature of our work, we can't ever be careful enough. I think we should review our security procedures, perhaps upgrade them.

INT. SCIENTISTS' CHAMBER - ETERNAL NIGHT

COLE is facing the BOTANIST who's using a pointer to indicate various fading photos and newspaper clippings tacked on the wall.

BOTANIST
Let's consider again our current information -- if the symptoms were first detected in Philadelphia on June 28, 1995, that makes us know that...?

COLE
It was released in Philadelphia, probably on June 14, 1995.

BOTANIST
And it appeared sequentially after that in...?

With a quick glance at the panel of SCIENTISTS staring at him from behind the long table, COLE replies like a good pupil,

COLE
San Francisco, New Orleans, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Kinshasa, Karachi, Bangkok, then Peking.

BOTANIST
Meaning...???

COLE
That the virus was taken from Philadelphia to San Francisco, then to New Orleans, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Kinshasa, Karachi, Bangkok, then Peking.

BOTANIST
And your only goal is...???

COLE
To find out where the virus is so a qualified scientist can travel back into the past and study the original virus.

BOTANIST
So that...????

COLE
Uh, so that a vaccine can be developed that will, uh, allow mankind to reclaim the surface of the earth.

COLE glances nervously at the suspicious SCIENTISTS as the BOTANIST switches on a slide projector and projects...

a magazine photo of wall graffiti: "ATTENTION!!! POLICE ARE WATCHING! IS THERE A VIRUS? IS THIS THE SOURCE? 3 BILLION DIE?"

BOTANIST (o.s.)
This is from a magazine printed in late September, 1995. The writer speculated that this graffiti might be related to the epidemic that by that time had already killed thirty million people world-wide and was getting worse. He says, certain people, unnamed, were questioned, but what came of that is not known. But it is a clue you should pursue.

COLE stares at the picture.

EXT. FAA STOREFRONT - DAY

LOUD BANGING! The storefront window, completely covered with posters, quivers violently. Images of MONKEYS covered with electrodes, BABY SEALS being viciously clubbed, DOGS jammed into tiny cages quiver as somebody beats on the window. It's RAILLY.

RAILLY
IS ANYBODY IN THERE? HELLO? IS SOMEONE IN THERE? IF YOU'RE IN THERE, I NEED TO TALK TO YOU.

INT. FAA STORE

JEFFREY, BEN, TEDDY, and two of JEFFREY'S youthful cohorts, SANDY and KWESKIN, wait motionless beside a heap of cardboard cartons as FALE peeks out the front window through a slit between posters.

FALE
It's the kidnap woman -- the one who was with the guy who tied us up.

BEN
What's she doing?

FALE
She's drawing attention to us, that's what she's doing. ... I don't know what you're up to this time, Mason, but you're gonna get us in deep shit!

JEFFREY
Whine, whine, whine. What about walkie talkies? We used to have walkie talkies.

EXT. FAA STOREFRONT

From littered doorways, DERELICTS sneak peeks at RAILLY as she, seemingly mad, shakes the doorknob, then hammers on the door.

RAILLY
I SAW YOU! I SAW SOMEONE MOVING! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Secret experiments!

RAILLY whirls, sees LOUIE, the raspy-voiced toothless derelict.

LOUIE
That's what they do -- secret weird stuff!

RAILLY
You! I know you!

But LOUIE is studying the pictures of the tortured animals now.

LOUIE
Not just on them. Do 'em on people, too -- down at the shelters. Feed 'em chemicals 'n take pictures of 'em.

RAILLY
Have you seen James Cole? The man...?

LOUIE
They're watchin' you. Takin' pictures.

RAILLY follows his look.

ANGLE ON AN OLD CHEVY, parked across the street, the PLAINCLOTHES COP slouched at the wheel, pretending to read a newspaper.

RAILLY
The police. I know. Listen, I need to talk to James, but he has to be careful how he contacts me. He mustn't get caught. Do you understand me?

LOUIE
Uh, yeah, sure. Uh...who's James?

RAILLY
He was with me, he spoke to you. Several weeks ago. He said you were from the future...watching him.

LOUIE gives her a look that says, "I'm outta here!"

But just then, RAILLY spots two TEENAGE PUNKS surreptitiously "tagging" their way along the street with cans of spray paint.

RAILLY stares at the PUNKS.

INT. FAA STORE

FALE watches JEFFREY go over a check list while KWESKIN, SANDY, and TEDDY organize materials, and BEN peeks out the small opening between posters at the front window.

JEFFREY
You get the bolt cutters?

KWESKIN
One dozen. They're in the van.

FALE
One dozen bolt cutters! Whadda you gonna do with one dozen bolt cutters?

JEFFREY
(grins)
You really want to know?

FALE
No! Absolutely not. Don't tell me anything.

BEN
Hey! Do you know what she's doing?

Everybody freezes, looking toward BEN, who's peeking outside.

Then, except for JEFFREY, they all crowd around BEN to get a look.

POV THROUGH SLIT: a glimpse of RAILLY, spray painting the front of the store!

TEDDY
What's it say?

BEN
I can't see it.

JEFFREY
(erupting)
WHY DON'T WE FORGET MY GODDAMN PSYCHIATRIST AND DEAL WITH THE TASK AT HAND. THIS IS IMPORTANT.

FALE
(spinning around)
Your psychiatrist? Did you just say, "your psychiatrist"?

JEFFREY
Ex-psychiatrist! Now, what about flashlights? How many flashlights...?

FALE
That woman is...was...your... psychiatrist? And now she's spray-painting our building?

EXT. FAA STOREFRONT/SECOND AVENUE

ANGLE ON BLACK PLAINCLOTHES COP, across the street in the CHEVY, amazed, watching RAILLY spray painting. He shakes his head wearily.

ANGLE ON STREET TYPES, inching closer, watching RAILLY with amazement, too. They include...

an IRISH DRUNK, white haired, red-faced, bloated...

a NATIVE AMERICAN with tormented eyes and a mangled ear...

an AFRICAN AMERICAN with one eye...

the TEENAGED PUNKS...

a WHITE MAN, shabbily dressed, joining the knot of ONLOOKERS, reacting at the sight of RAILLY. It's COLE! He pushes toward her.

COLE
Kathryn!

RAILLY stops spraying, whips around at the sound of his VOICE.

RAILLY
James!

With a quick glance toward the PLAINCLOTHES COP, RAILLY takes urgent charge of the situation.

RAILLY
James! That's a policeman. Pretend you don't know me. If he sees you...

COLE
(turning, looking)
No, I want to turn myself in. Where is he?
(placing his hands on his head)
Don't worry -- it's all okay now. I'm not crazy any more! I mean, I am crazy, mentally divergent, actually, but I know it now and I want you to help me. I want to get well...

ANGLE ON RAILLY, desperately pulling COLE'S hands off his head as she tries to block the COP'S view of COLE.

RAILLY
James -- put your hands down and listen to me. Things have changed!

ANGLE ON THE PLAINCLOTHES COP, checking the mug shot of COLE on his clipboard, then reaching for his radio mike.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, reacting to the COP speaking into his mike: she tosses the spray paint can aside, grabs COLE and tries to pull him along...but COLE isn't moving. He's staring at the front of the FAA Store with disbelief!

RAILLY
James, come on! We have to get out of here!

COLE looks from the wall to the can rolling on the sidewalk, then back to the wall where RAILLY has sprayed the huge words:

ATTENTION!!! POLICE ARE WATCHING!
IS THERE A VIRUS? IS THIS THE SOURCE? THREE BILLION DIE?

It's the graffiti COLE saw in the future, in the picture!

COLE
I've seen that...before.

But RAILLY'S total attention is on their dilemma.

RAILLY
James, trust me. We're in terrible trouble. We have to run.

Very confused, COLE lets her drag him along the sidewalk, past ONLOOKERS. She looks crazier than he does.

ANGLE ON THE CHEVY, making a sudden, urgent u-turn, almost colliding with a passing car. BRAKES SQUEAL and a HORN BLARES.

INT. FAA STORE - DAY

ANGLE ON BEN, peeking out, reacting to the drama.

BEN
Wow, a guy in a Chevy is chasing her and some other guy I can't see.

FALE
Hey, no problem, it's probably just another kidnapping featuring Jeffrey's shrink, pardon me, make that ex-shrink.
(indicating Jeffrey to the others)
This is your leader, a certifiable lunatic who told his former psychiatrist all his plans for God knows what whacko irresponsible schemes, and now who knows what she's painted out there on our wall?

JEFFREY
WHO CARES WHAT PSYCHIATRISTS WRITE ON WALLS?
(moves to Fale, jabs him with a finger)
You think I told her about the Army of the 12 Monkeys? Impossible! Know why, you pathetically ineffectual and pusillanimous "pretend-friend-to-animals"? I'll tell you why: because when I had anything to do with her six years ago, there was no such thing -- I hadn't even thought of it yet!

FALE
(triumphant)
Then how come she knows what's going on?

JEFFREY abruptly switches from rage to good humor, adopting a supercilious smile and a patronizing tone.

JEFFREY
Here's my theory on that. While I was institutionalized, my brain was studied exhaustively in the guise of mental health. I was interrogated, X-rayed, studied thoroughly. then, everything about me was entered into a computer where they created a model of my mind.

They all stare, mesmerized, at the strutting JEFFREY. Is he serious? Is he crazy? Doesn't matter -- he's charismatic.

JEFFREY (cont.)
Then, using the computer model, they generated every thought I could possibly have in the next, say ten years, which they then filtered through a probability matrix to determine everything I was going to do in that period. So you see, she knew I was going to lead the Army of the Twelve Monkeys into the pages of history before it ever even occurred to me. She knows everything I'm ever going to do before I know it myself. How about that?

JEFFREY smiles smugly into FALE'S flabbergasted face.

JEFFREY
Now I have to get going -- do my part. You guys check all this stuff out and load up the van. Make sure you have everything. I'm outta here.

JEFFREY exits. The others stare at the door.

FALE
He's seriously crazy -- you know that.

EXT. SKID ROW ALLEY - DAY

An overflowing dumpster squats near the mouth of an alley.

The unmarked CHEVY crawls slowly past the alley, the PLAINCLOTHES COP'S eyes searching everywhere.

Trash stirs in the dumpster and RAILLY'S eyes peer up out of the torn cardboard boxes, rotting food, and styrofoam litter.

HER POV: the POLICE CAR passes from view.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, emerging from the refuse, hissing,

RAILLY
James! Come on.

A confused COLE emerges from the opposite end of the dumpster, bits of lettuce in his hair.

COLE
I don't understand what we're doing.

RAILLY
(climbing out of the dumpster)
We're avoiding the police until I can....talk to you.

COLE
(climbing out after her)
You mean, treat me? Cure me? Kathryn, those words on the wall -- I've seen them before... I...I...dreamed them.

But she's not listening. She's peeking out the alley entrance.

RAILLY'S POV: across the street is a run-down skid row hotel, THE GLOBE, ROOMS WEEKLY, DAILY.

INT. GLOBE HOTEL/LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

The DESK CLERK, an old alkie who hates trouble but finds it often, stares across the counter suspiciously at RAILLY and COLE.

DESK CLERK
Twenty five bucks an hour.

RAILLY
An hour?!

DESK CLERK
You want quarter hours, go someplace else.

RAILLY
(catches on, pulls out her last bills)
Here's ninety eight. For the night. Deal?

The DESK CLERK squints warily at this turn of events. Then, he turns, gets a key, turns back and hands it to her.

DESK CLERK
Forty four. Fourth floor, turn right. Elevator's busted.

RAILLY turns, COLE follows, and they walk quickly to the stairs, passing the stares of gloomy RESIDENTS sitting on torn sofas and chairs in front of an old TV with hideous color.

ANGLE ON THE DESK CLERK, watching RAILLY and COLE climb the stairs. As they disappear from view, he picks up the phone, punches a number, speaks into the phone.

DESK CLERK
Tommy? This is Charlie at the Globe. You know if Wallace has a new girl? Sort of a rookie type? Blonde?

INT. GLOBE HOTEL ROOM 44 - MINUTES LATER (DAY)

COLE sits on the lumpy bed in the dingy room, watching RAILLY pace back and forth like a mad woman.

RAILLY
Okay...you were standing there looking at the moon...you were eating grass... then what?

COLE
I thought I was in...prison again.

RAILLY
Just like that? You were in prison?

COLE
No, not really. It's...it's in my mind. Like you said.

RAILLY
You disappeared! One minute you were there, the next minute you were gone. Did you run through the woods?

COLE
I don't know -- I don't remember.

RAILLY
The boy in the well. How did you know that was just a hoax?

COLE
It was? I didn't...know.

RAILLY
James, you said he was hiding in the barn...

COLE
I think I saw a TV show like that when I was a kid. Where a boy...

RAILLY
IT WASN'T A TV SHOW! IT WAS REAL!

COLE looks at her. She's really upset.

COLE
Well, maybe that kid saw the same TV show and copied it. Listen, you were right, it's all in my head. I'm mentally ill, I imagine all that stuff. I know they're not real, I can trick them, make them do what I want. I just worked on them in my head and I got back here. I can get better. I can stay here.

RAILLY pulls a photo from her purse, shows it to COLE.

It's the uncropped picture from her book, the photo of JOSE in WWI with a fuzzy image of COLE on the edge of the frame.

RAILLY
What does this mean to you?

COLE
I...I had a dream about...something like that.

RAILLY
You had a bullet from World War One in your leg, James! How did it get there?

COLE
You said I had delusions -- that I created a world -- you said you could explain everything...

RAILLY
Well, I can't. ... I mean...I'm trying to. I can't believe that everything we do or say has already happened, that we can't change what's going to happen, that I'm one of the three billion people who are going to die...soon.

COLE stands, moves close to her.

COLE
I want to be here. In this time. With you. I want to become...become a whole person. I want this to be the present. I want the future to be unknown.

RAILLY
(sudden hopeful idea!)
James...do you remember...six years ago...you had a phone number! You tried to call and...

WHAM! The door flies open, kicked violently, the flimsy lock not holding. A menacing figure stands in the doorway. WALLACE. A wiry biker-type with jail house tattoos and mean eyes.

COLE and RAILLY are too stunned to say anything as WALLACE looks them over coldly, insolently, then advances on RAILLY.

WALLACE
This is my territory, bitch!

COLE
(confused, turns to Railly)
Is this real -- or is this one of my delusions?

RAILLY
This is definitely real!
(to Wallace)
Excuse me, I think we have a little misunderstanding here...

WALLACE smashes RAILLY in the face. She flies back against the wall and onto the floor as WALLACE spins around to COLE who is stepping toward him, but WALLACE is now holding a knife!

WALLACE
What're you -- some kind of tough guy? You wanna be a hero? You gonna try and mess with me? Come on...

A beat. COLE puts his hands up placatingly as he backs around WALLACE and moves to RAILLY, whose eye is already swelling.

WALLACE
Now that's a smart boy. But you, honey, you think you can go 'round me and peddle your fancy ass in this part of town, you bet your life we got what I would call a major goddamn misunderstandin'.

RAILLY reaches a hand up to COLE for assistance, but, he grabs her purse instead, swings it around, SMASHES WALLACE in the face with it, then grabs the pimp's arm and SNAPS it like it was a twig! The knife clatters to the floor as WALLACE yelps in pain and COLE slams him to the floor, straddles his chest, retrieves the near-by knife, and presses it sharply against WALLACE'S neck.

RAILLY
JAMES -- DON'T!

COLE hesitates.

WALLACE
(eyes bulging)
You...heard...her. Don't do it, man.

RAILLY
(gets up, looks around)
Put him in the closet. ... But get his money first.

COLE
(amazed)
You want me to rob him?

RAILLY
I...I...We need cash, James.

A shadow. RAILLY turns toward the door and glimpses a FACE disappearing, then hears SHOUTS from the hallway...

SHOUTS (o.s.)
They're killing him! Call the cops!

Being very careful not to move his neck, WALLACE reaches into his pocket and produces a thick roll of bills, which RAILLY grabs.

WALLACE
You two are crazy. I got friends. You put me in a closet, they're gonna be really pissed.

COLE moves off Wallace and, keeping the knife close, yanks him to his feet while RAILLY hurries to the window and looks out.

HER POV: A fire escape leads down into an alley.

RAILLY turns just in time to see COLE shove WALLACE into the bathroom, follow him in, slam the door behind them, and LOCK it.

RAILLY
James, no!

INT. BATHROOM

RAILLY'S VOICE (from the other room)
(rattling the door knob)
James, what are you doing?

WALLACE cowers back against the shower stall.

WALLACE
I have friends, man -- if you cut me...

WALLACE breaks off, bug-eyed, reacting to something we don't see!

WALLACE
What...the...fuck...are you doing???

INT. GLOBE HOTEL ROOM 44

RAILLY is pounding on the bathroom door now as, suddenly, it opens and COLE steps out, the knife in his right hand, dripping with blood.

RAILLY
Oh, my God, James. Did you kill him?

COLE shakes his head "no" as blood oozes from his mouth.

COLE
Just...just in case. In case I'm not crazy...
(holds up two bloody molars)
That's how they find us. By our teeth.
(a beat, eye contact)
I don't want them to find me. Ever. I don't want to go back.

RAILLY's astonishment turns to emotion as it dawns on her the choice he's made. Given up the future (if it exists, and it's looking like it does)! Risking his life to be with her! For this brief time! She's overwhelmed, lips trembling, tears welling in her eyes. But just then, the SOUNDS of SHOUTS and feet THUNDERING up the stairs snap her back to reality.

INT. STAIRWELL/GLOBE HOTEL

COPS' boots THUNDER up the stairwell.

INT. ROOM 44/GLOBE HOTEL

In between nervous glances toward the door, RAILLY supervises as COLE obediently blocks the bathroom door with the bureau.

RAILLY
Push it tight!

WALLACE'S VOICE (from the bathroom)
NO PROBLEM! I'LL JUST STAY IN HERE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!

INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY/GLOBE HOTEL

POLICE OFFICERS, led by the PLAINCLOTHES COP, make a cautious entrance onto the 4th floor, guns drawn.

Seedy HOTEL RESIDENTS point to Room 44, then cower back into their doorways.

EXT. GLOBE HOTEL FIRE ESCAPE/ALLEY - DAY

COLE and RAILLY clatter down the fire-escape, COLE in the lead. They come to the end of the metal stairway. It's a long distance to the ground. COLE jumps down, turns, reaches up to her.

She lets herself down to him. Their eyes meet. He holds her in his arms for a moment. Then, reluctantly, he puts her down. They start running down the alley.

INT. GLOBE HOTEL FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

The PLAINCLOTHES COP has his pistol out, his back to the wall alongside the open doorway to Room 44. The UNIFORMED OFFICERS are backing him up, weapons drawn.

PLAINCLOTHES COP
POLICE! THROW YOUR WEAPONS OUT AND COME OUTTA THERE!

No response.

INT. GLOBE HOTEL ROOM 44

The PLAINCLOTHES COP charges into the room in a crouch, pistol extended in both hands. He pans the gun around the empty room.

HIS POV: the open window...the blood on the floor.

WALLACE'S VOICE (from the bathroom)
HEY! ZAT THE POLICE! I'M AN INNOCENT VICTIM IN HERE! I WAS ATTACKED BY A COKED-UP WHORE AND A CRAZY DENTIST!

EXT. BUS STOP/DOWNTOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

A city bus disgorges a stream of PASSENGERS at a stop in the toney downtown shopping district. Among them, RAILLY looks furtively left and right, COLE on her heels. She's hidden her bruised eye behind sun glasses; he's holding a bloody handkerchief to his mouth.

As he steps to the sidewalk, COLE is overwhelmed by the bustling city, the tall downtown buildings. His eyes go up.

COLE'S POV: a building, towering toward the sky. A building with a ledge. The same ledge the lion prowled in the future!!!

ANGLE ON COLE, shaken, as RAILLY ushers him into the recessed entrance to a store.

RAILLY
Wait here. I'm going to try that phone number. Let's hope it's nothing!

Dazed by his experience and the flow of SHOPPERS, COLE watches her hurry to a pay phone twenty yards away, his view of her made intermittent by PEDESTRIANS streaming past him, their FACES looming frighteningly close.

A BUSINESSMAN jostles COLE, forcing him back against the display window. Turning, he faces the angry jaws of a BEAR only inches away!

Recovering from a jolt of terror, COLE realizes the BEAR is a life-size toy in the display window. Relieved, he looks back at RAILLY.

COLE'S POV: RAILLY, well out of earshot, speaking earnestly into the phone.

ANGLE ON COLE, startled, as a BUSINESSMAN, mistaking him for a panhandler, shoves a dollar into his hand. Confused, COLE stares

at the dollar, then turns to say something to the retreating BUSINESSMAN, but just then he sees RAILLY rushing toward him, eyes sparkling with happiness, LAUGHING, ebullient.

RAILLY
James! James! It's okay. We're insane! We're crazy!

COLE doesn't know how to respond, but a PASSERBY gives them a look.

RAILLY
It's a Carpet Cleaning Company...

COLE
A Carpet Cleaning Company?

RAILLY
(laughing)
No superiors! No scientists. No people from the future. It's just a Carpet Cleaning Company. They have voice mail -- you leave a message telling them when you want your carpet cleaned.

COLE
You... you left them a message?

RAILLY
(impishly)
I couldn't resist. I was so relieved. Wait'll they hear this nutty woman telling them...they better watch out for the Army of the Twelve Monkeys...

Looking at her laughing face, COLE is struck with horror as he realizes the truth! He starts to recite...

COLE
"The Army of the Twelve Monkeys -- they're the ones who are going to do it. I can't do anything more. The police are watching me."

Now she's stunned. She glances back and sees the phone booth twenty yards away.

RAILLY
You... you couldn't have heard me.

COLE
They got your message, Kathryn. They played it for me. It was a bad recording...distorted. I didn't recognize your voice.

RAILLY'S eyes fill with horror as she grasps the meaning.

ANGLE ON A UNIFORMED COP, staring out the window of a POLICE CRUISER as it inches along in the bumper to bumper traffic. Noticing something, he reaches for his radio.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, spotting the CRUISER, grabbing COLE, pulling him into the CROWD.

RAILLY
Come on.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE/MEN'S DEPARTMENT - 6:00 PM

RAILLY, whose sun glasses don't really hide her bruised eye, adds a man's Hawaiian shirt to the pile of other men's things heaped on a counter in front of a very suspicious CLERK.

RAILLY
And this.
(turning)
Anything else?

But COLE'S not here. He's a short distance away...staring...

COLE'S POV: aisle after aisle of eager shoppers and a bounty of brand new consumer goods.

ANGLE ON COLE, remembering another department store, dark and full of moldering merchandise.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, turning again to the CLERK.

RAILLY
I guess that's it.

CLERK
Shall I put this on your account, Ma'am?

RAILLY
(producing Wallace's roll of bills)
No -- I'll pay cash.

The CLERK stares at the huge roll of bills!

RAILLY
What floor are the wigs on, please?

INT. PEST CONTROL VAN - NIGHT

Surrounded by stripped and abandoned vehicles, the VAN, with a PEST CONTROL logo on its side, is parked on a trash-littered street beside the massive pillars of a towering freeway.

INT. PARKED PEST CONTROL VAN

The VAN is packed with SIX ACTIVISTS, SANDY and KWESKIN among them, all wearing black. Some of them have climbing gear, tool belts, all sorts of paraphernalia. KWESKIN is telling his story.

KWESKIN
So then he goes into this incredible riff about how his shrink, like, replicated his brain while he was in the nut house. Turned it into a computer.

WELLER
And Fale believed it?

KWESKIN
Oh, you know Fale! He's like, "If you guys get nailed -- and I'm sure you will -- I never saw you before in my life!"

LAUGHTER from all of them. Then, there's a sharp, rhythmic series of RAPS on the side door, a signal.

POPE quickly slides the door open. It's JEFFREY...grinning.

Three other activists, GOINES, ICHIOKA, and BRUHNS, stagger out of the darkness behind JEFFREY, lugging a huge, squirming GARBAGE BAG.

The van occupants react with murmurs of "Awwwwwright" and "Far out", then they help maneuver the writhing bag into the van.

Then, JEFFREY and the other three scramble in, too.

JEFFREY
Let's do it!

EXT. VAN/FREEWAY

The PEST CONTROL VAN lumbers up a ramp and onto the freeway.

INT. PEST CONTROL VAN/MOVING

The GARBAGE BAG squirms and grunts as JEFFREY holds a map under a flashlight and goes over "the plan" with the other ACTIVISTS.

JEFFREY
Okay, that's Stage One. In Stage Two, Monkey Four is over here...

A loud GROAN from the bag distracts the others.

GOINES
What's the harm in opening the bag? His eyes are taped.

SANDY
Yeah, it's cruel leaving him like that.

JEFFREY
Ah, but cruelty is his specialty.

ICHIOKA
So why should we be like him?

Shrugging cheerfully, JEFFREY tears open the garbage bag revealing DR. MASON, trussed up, duct tape covering his eyes and mouth.

JEFFREY
Want the full effect?

Grinning wickedly, JEFFREY rips the tape from his father's mouth.

DR. MASON
Jeffrey? I know it's you, Jeffrey. I recognize your voice.

JEFFREY puts his finger to his lips, silencing everyone.

DR. MASON
JEFFREY??? ... Very well. You're out of your mind, Jeffrey. I know all about your insane plan. That woman -- your psychiatrist -- she told me.

JEFFREY raises his eyebrows. This he hadn't expected.

DR. MASON
I didn't believe her -- it seemed too crazy even for you. But, just in case, I took steps to make sure you couldn't do it. I took myself out of the loop! I don't have the code any more. I don't have access to the virus. So, go ahead -- torture me, but you can't extract anything of use to yourself.

The ACTIVISTS are all exchanging puzzled looks.

JEFFREY
What...virus?

DR. MASON
(spins his head toward Jeffrey)
She knew about it, Jeffrey. She knew you were going to try this.

JEFFREY
What virus are we talking about, Dad?

DR. MASON
You're insane, Jeffrey.

JEFFREY
You "develop" viruses and you're calling me insane? Typical. What does this virus attack? Don't tell me, you sick fuck, it doesn't matter.
(to the others)
Have I ever "developed" a virus? Do I put helpless animals in cages and measure their reactions to electrical stimuli? Do I inject radioactive substances into living creatures and examine their bowel movements? Wow! And I'm crazy!

DR. MASON
Please tell me, Jeffrey, what exactly are you going to do? I don't have to tell you I'm afraid.

JEFFREY
THIS IS A FUCKING EXPERIMENT! YOU'RE OUR HELPLESS LITTLE TEST ANIMAL, DADDY. GOT THAT? NOW -- WHAT FUCKING VIRUS HAVE YOU COME UP WITH, YOU DEMENTED FUCKING MANIAC?

INT. MOVIE SCREEN/THEATER - NIGHT

Spooky BERNARD HERRMAN MUSIC, giant redwoods looming skyward. It's DAYTIME in Muir Woods. SCOTTY (JAMES STEWART) AND MADELINE (KIM NOVAK) walk toward a display of a cross cut section of a redwood tree. We're watching Hitchcock's VERTIGO.

SCOTTY (up on the screen)
Here's a cross section of one of the old trees that's been cut down.

They look at the lines of the tree marked with cards that say, "BIRTH OF CHRIST", "DISCOVERY OF AMERICA", "MAGNA CARTA SIGNED", "1066 - BATTLE OF HASTINGS", and "1930 TREE CUT DOWN".

ANGLE ON THE THEATER AUDIENCE, empty seats dimly visible in the flickering light, a few shadowy MOVIEGOERS scattered here and there.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN, MADELINE pointing, saying with profound melancholy

MADELINE (up on the screen)
Somewhere in here I was born. And here -- I die. There's only a moment for you. You don't notice.

ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE, a shadowy COUPLE near the back of the theater. WE CAN'T REALLY SEE THEM, but we recognize their VOICES.

RAILLY
Here, let me help you.

The theater is briefly illuminated by a very bright scene on the screen, revealing enough of COLE and RAILLY for us to see she's doing something to his upper lip while he tries to watch the movie.

COLE
I think I've seen this movie before. When I was a kid. It was on TV.

RAILLY
(fussing with his upper lip)
Shh -- don't talk. Hold still.

COLE
(moving his head to see the film)
I have seen it, but I don't remember this part. Funny, it's like what's happening to us, like the past. The movie never changes -- it can't change -- but everytime you see it, it seems to be different because you're different -- you notice different things.

RAILLY
If we can't change anything...because it's already happened, then we ought to at least smell the flowers.

COLE
Flowers! What flowers?

From the darkness, a MOVIE PATRON makes a SSSSHHHHH shound.

RAILLY
(whispering)
It's an expression. Here...

She's pulling something from a shopping bag at her feet, placing it on COLE'S head, adjusting it...

COLE
Why are we doing this?

RAILLY
So we can stick our heads out the window and feel the wind and listen to the music. So we can appreciate what we have while we have it. Forgive me, psychiatrists don't cry.

There are tears in her eyes. They discomfit COLE.

COLE
But maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you're wrong. Maybe we're both crazy.

RAILLY
In a few weeks, it will have started or it won't. If there are still baseball games and traffic jams, armed robberies and boring TV shows -- we'll be so happy, we'll be glad to turn ourselves in to the police.

SHADOWY MOVIEGOER
SHHHHHHH.....

COLE
(whispers)
Where can we hide for a few weeks?

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN, where SCOTTY and MADELINE are in the foreground, the OCEAN behind them.

RAILLY
You said you'd never seen the ocean...

EXT. GORILLA'S PEN/ZOO - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A GORILLA, by moonlight, angry, a true nightmare vision.

URGENT WHISPERS off screen, RUSTLING SOUNDS. Then, METAL ON METAL. Only now are we aware that the GORILLA is in an outdoor zoo pen with phony rocks. Stalking back and forth. Huge. Upset.

CLANK. CLANK. METAL ON METAL. GRUNTS of effort, then, DR. MASON'S VOICE, plaintive, frightened.

DR. MASON'S VOICE (o.s.)
What are you doing to me? Where are we? Jeffrey, please...

SANDY'S VOICE (o.s.)
For God's sake, put the tape back on his mouth!

The GORILLA bellows angrily, beating his chest.

JEFFREY'S VOICE (o.s.)
Forget the tape. The monkey's louder than he is. You gonna tape the monkey's mouth?

EXT. PANTHERS' PEN/ZOO - NIGHT

Under the full moon, PANTHERS pace back and forth, back and forth, uttering ominous guttural SNARLS.

EXT. LION'S PEN/ZOO

The KING OF BEASTS gives a deep, fierce ROAR. From the darkness, unseen ELEPHANTS TRUMPET their response.

EXT. AVIARIES/ZOO

A PANDEMONIUM of WINGS RUSTLING, the sharp metallic CLINKING of metal on metal, the MUTTER of HUMAN VOICES, then a cacophonous CRESCENDO of frenzied SCREECHING as PARROTS, COCKATOOS and other EXOTIC BIRDS careen madly in their cages.

INT. MOVIE THEATER AUDITORIUM

CLOSE ON COLE, dozing fitfully, as the SOUNDS of SCREAMING BIRDS continue. Suddenly, he comes awake with a start...sees the movie filling his field of vision.

HIS POV: the MOVIE SCREEN. TIPPI HEDRIN, overwhelmed by screeching BIRDS in an attic in Hitchcock's THE BIRDS.

ANGLE ON COLE, orienting himself, looking around. Empty seats on both sides of him. He's alone. He panics.

COLE
Kathryn?!!!

INT. THEATER LOBBY

A lobby poster boasts "Classics 24 Hours A Day" and "Hitchcock Festival". PANNING OFF the poster, passing a SNORING USHER, dead to the world in an old velvet chair, WE DISCOVER a BRUNETTE in a tight dress, just hanging up the lobby pay phone. Turning, she reveals heavy make-up, gaudy costume jewelry, and sun glasses. She's the BRUNETTE in COLE'S DREAM! Crossing the lobby toward the auditorium, it's a pleasure to watch her nice body undulate in the tight dress.

Just then, the auditorium doors burst open and a BLONDE MAN in a Hawaiian shirt appears, the man from COLE'S DREAM, except this man's moustache is fixed firmly on his upper lip. The BLONDE MAN stops, stunned at the sight of the BRUNETTE.

BRUNETTE
We're booked on a 9:30 flight to Key West.

The Brunette is RAILLY, no longer the frazzled professional, revealed now by her disguise as a sexy babe. The Blonde Man is COLE! He's confused.

COLE
You were in my dream just now. I didn't recognize you.

RAILLY
Well, you look pretty different, too.

COLE
I mean in my dream -- I didn't realize it was you. Then...I woke up and I...I thought you were gone.

RAILLY
(studies him seriously)
I remember you...like this. I feel I've known you before. I feel I've always known you.

Their eyes lock. Suddenly, she backs up, gently maneuvering him with her, past the sleeping USHER, to and through an unlocked, unmarked door, then closing it behind them.

INT. STORAGE ROOM/MOVIE THEATER

RAILLY and COLE are in a dimly lit cluttered storage room. She kisses him hungrily amid the brooms, plastic trash barrels, other janitorial items. COLE responds to her passion as they move deeper into the room, its walls covered with old movie posters. Tearing at each other's clothes, they collapse on a rolled theater curtain among stacks of ancient theater seats.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAWN

The red rim of the rising sun is just becoming visible beyond the silhouetted roofs of an upper middle-class suburban neighborhood. The early light is so vague that when a huge SIBERIAN TIGER pads across a neatly-trimmed lawn, he's more a shadowy vision than reality. Did we really see him at all?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAWN

The rising sun flares behind the towering silhouette of an unfinished building, deserted in the early morning light. High up, a MONKEY poke: his head around a girder.

Four stories below, other MONKEYS are climbing.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAWN

Deserted in the first light of dawn, the stores face each other across a broad promenade with blank staring windows.

Nothing happens. For a long moment. Then, an AFRICAN BULL ELEPHANT appears, turning the corner, lumbering toward us along the promenade, raising his trunk to TRUMPET triumphantly to the other ELEPHANTS trotting into view behind him.

INT. TAXICAB/CITY STREETS - EARLY MORNING

A fiftyish WOMAN CABBIE with white hair and a Southern twang is at the wheel of the cab.

WOMAN CABBIE
What time's your flight, friends?

In the back seat, COLE, in the blonde wig and moustache, looks to his companion, the sexy babe in sun glasses and heavy make-up, RAILLY.

RAILLY
Nine thirty.

WOMAN CABBIE
Might be tight.

RAILLY
(startled, checks her watch)
Tight? My watch says 7:30.

WOMAN CABBIE
On your normal mornin', okay, plenty a time, but today, gotta take inta account your Army-of-the-Twelve-Monkeys factor.

RAILLY
What? What did you say?

WOMAN CABBIE
Twelve Monkeys, honey. Guess you folks didn't turn on your radio this morning.

COLE and RAILLY exchange a quick look.

WOMAN CABBIE
Bunch a weirdoes let all the animals outta the zoo last night. Then they locked up this big shot scientist in one of the cages. Scientist's own kid was one a the ones did it!

RAILLY and COLE stare at the cabbie, stunned.

WOMAN CABBIE
Now they got animals all over the place. Buncha zebras shut down the thruway 'bout an hour ago and some kinda thing called an "e--mu" it's got traffic blocked for miles over on 22.

Flabbergasted, RAILLY'S eyes suddenly fill with hope.

RAILLY
That's what they were up to! Freeing animals!

COLE
On the walls -- they meant the animals when they said, "We did it."

WOMAN CABBIE
You can hear it on the radio, all the stations...

As the WOMAN CABBIE switches on the RADIO, RAILLY points and COLE follows her look...

COLE'S POV: two CHEETAHS, sleek and magnificent against the cityscape, streaking past the cab at ninety mph!

ANNOUNCER/RADIO (o.s.)
In the meantime, numerous animal rights activists have joined the chorus condemning what they're calling the "loose canon" activities of Jeffrey Mason and his Army of the Twelve Monkeys.

RIGHTS ACTIVIST/RADIO (o.s.)
Can these fools seriously believe that releasing a captive animal into an urban environment is being compassionate to the animal? It's mindlessly cruel, <u>almost</u> as indefensible as holding the animal in captivity in the first place.

RAILLY and COLE are watching FLAMINGOS cross the sky against a backdrop of skyscrapers in silhouette.

RAILLY
Maybe it's going to be okay.

<u>INT. TICKET COUNTER/AIRPORT TERMINAL - MORNING</u>

CLOSE ON copies of the mug shot of COLE and a photo of RAILLY while the airport P.A. SYSTEM DRONES in the b.g..

REVEAL a DETECTIVE, giving the flyers to the uniformed SUPERVISOR at one end of the ticket counter.

DETECTIVE
Tell your people if they spot either one of them, not to try and apprehend them. They should notify us and...

ANGLE ON RAILLY AND COLE, thirty yards away, entering the terminal.

P.A. SYSTEM
-- Flight 531 for Chicago is now ready for boarding at Gate Seventeen.

ANGLE ON COLE, reacting to the P.A., stopping, seeing the bustling airport lobby.

COLE
I know this place! ... This is my dream!

RAILLY
Airports all look the same. Maybe it's...
(turning, reacting)
James! Your moustache! It's slipping.

But COLE isn't listening. He's looking around, mesmerized.

COLE
It's not just my dream. I was actually here! I remember now. My parents brought me to meet my uncle. About a week or two before...before...before everybody started dying.

RAILLY glances around nervously.

RAILLY'S POV: two UNIFORMED POLICEMEN, strolling through the lobby, their eyes scanning the faces of TRAVELERS.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, pulling a small tube from her purse.

RAILLY
They may be looking for us, James.
(placing the tube in his hand)
Use this. You can fix it in the Men's Room.

COLE
(confounded)
I was here...as a kid. I think you were here, too. But you...looked just like you look now.

RAILLY
(getting desperate)
James, if we're identified, they're going to send us someplace...but not to Key West!

COLE
(snaps out of it, hand to moustache)
Right! You're right. I have to fix this.

RAILLY
(indicating a sign)
I'll get the tickets and meet you... in the Gift Shop.

COLE follows her look, nods, then heads for the Men's Room as RAILLY, in sun glasses, gaudy outfit, high heels, starts clip clopping toward the ticket counter, her ass attracting admiring glances.

INT. TELEPHONES/LOBBY - DAY

BUSINESS TRAVELERS huddle over pay phones, talking earnestly, as COLE walks past on his way to the Men's Room.

Seeing an unoccupied phone, COLE hesitates, considers it. Coming to a decision, he reaches into his pocket, pulls out some change.

INT. TICKET COUNTER/TERMINAL

CLOSE ON the flyer of COLE and RAILLY taped under the counter, hidden from the customers, but in clear view of the TICKET AGENT who has just finished serving a PORTLY GENTLEMAN. The GENTLEMAN walks away.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, stepping up to the counter, smiling, looking nothing like the Railly on the flyer.

RAILLY
Judy Simmons. I have reservations for Key West.

INT. PAY PHONES/TERMINAL

COLE is speaking into the phone very low, very private, very intense.

COLE
Listen, I don't know whether you're there or not. Maybe you just clean carpets. If you do, you're lucky -- you're gonna live a long, happy life. But if you other guys exist and you're picking this up -- forget about the Army of The Twelve Monkeys -- they didn't do it. It was a mistake! Someone else did it. The Army of The Twelve Monkeys are just dumb kids playing revolutionaries. It was someone else!

COLE looks around nervously, catches a BUSINESSMAN at the next phone looking away quickly. COLE touches his loose moustache as he averts his face and speaks into the phone in an urgent whisper.

COLE
I've done my job. I did what you wanted. Good luck. I'm not coming back!

COLE hangs up the phone, looks around, catches a few stares. Averting his face, he heads for the Men's Room.

INT. TICKET COUNTER - DAY

The TICKET AGENT is counting out a stack of bills.

TICKET AGENT
Don't see a lot of this... cash.

RAILLY
It's...a long story.

TICKET AGENT
(smiles, hands over the tickets)
They'll begin boarding in about twenty minutes. Have a nice flight, Mrs. Simmons.

Turning to go, RAILLY fumbles the tickets while trying to put them in her purse and they flutter to the floor. As she kneels to retrieve them, WE SEE the long line of waiting TRAVELERS from the waist down. WE SEE a familiar Chicago Bulls Sports Bag resting on the floor beside sneakers and gaudy baggy pants. we've seen this outfit before...in COLE'S dream...on MR. PONYTAIL!

INT. MEN'S ROOM/AIRPORT - DAY

The P.A. DRONES as COLE, head down, lingers at a sink, washing and rewashing his hands while another TRAVELER finishes drying his hands, gives COLE a quizzical look, then leaves.

Quickly, COLE glances around, checks the seemingly empty Men's Room, then takes the tube of adhesive from his pocket, puts some goop under the loose edge of his moustache and presses it firmly against his face as he leans close to the mirror.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Got yourself a prob, Bob?

COLE whirls, looks for the source of the VOICE. Nothing! Until he spots shoes peeking from dropped trousers indicating an occupied stall. It must be him!

COLE
Leave me alone! I made a report. I didn't have to do that.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)
Point of fact -- you don't belong here. It's not permitted to let you stay.

A toilet FLUSHES in the "occupied" stall. COLE'S answer is loud and defiant.

COLE
This is the present. This is not the past. This is not the future. This is right now!

A PLUMP BUSINESSMAN emerges from the "occupied" stall, gives COLE a wary look and a wide berth as he heads for a sink.

COLE
I'm staying here! You got that? You can't stop me!

PLUMP MAN
(high pitched voice)
Anything you say, chief. It's none of my business.

COLE looks dismayed. This guy couldn't be "THE VOICE"! And there are no feet showing under the other stalls. Did he imagine it?

INT. TICKET COUNTER - DAY

The Chicago Bulls bag! It's on the counter in front of the TICKET AGENT who's reviewing a stack of tickets in awe...

TICKET AGENT
Woooo-eeee. San Francisco, New Orleans, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Kinshasa, Karachi, Bangkok, Peking! That's some trip you're taking, sir, All in one week!

MR. PONYTAIL (o.s.)
Business.

TICKET AGENT
(handing over the tickets)
Have a good one, sir.

INT. TERMINAL LOBBY

COLE emerges from the Men's Room, shaken, paranoid. He glances around nervously. Then, keeping his head down, he starts walking toward the Gift Shop. Before he gets more than a few steps, someone suddenly grabs his shoulder from behind.

FAMILIAR VOICE (o.s.)
You gotta be crazy, man!

COLE whirls, finds himself facing a Puerto Rican youth in an L.A. Raiders jacket, a sideways baseball cap, and mirrored sun glasses.

COLE
Jo...Jose????

JOSE
Pulling out the tooth, man, that was nuts! Here, take this.

JOSE tries to slip COLE a 9mm pistol. Astonished, COLE resists!

COLE
What? What for? Are you crazy?

Frustrated, JOSE conceals the gun but keeps a grip on COLE'S arm.

JOSE
Me? Are you kiddin? You're the one! You were a hero, man. They gave you a pardon! And whadda you do? You come back and fuck with your teeth! Wow!

COLE
How did you find me?

JOSE
The phone call, man. The phone call.

COLE
The call I just made? Five minutes ago?

JOSE
Hey, five minutes ago, thirty years ago! Yes, that phone call. I been in training for this a couple a months now -- ever since I got back from that... "weird" war we were in. You remember that?
(pressing the pistol on Cole)
Here, take it, man! You could still be a hero if you'd cooperate!

INT. GIFT SHOP/TERMINAL - DAY

RAILLY takes a travel book on Key West from a rack, considers it, includes it with several magazines she's holding. She doesn't notice MR. PONYTAIL enter the Gift Shop behind her!

The P.A. System DRONES flight info as RAILLY checks her watch and frowns. It's getting late and where's Cole? She turns, heads for the cash register to make her purchases.

MR. PONYTAIL, seen from behind, is at the cash register already. He sets a newspaper on the counter and searches for change.

The paper features a banner headline..."ANIMALS SET FREE" and a sub head..."PROMINENT SCIENTIST FOUND LOCKED IN GORILLA CAGE" over a photo of DR. MASON being released from the cage and another photo of a GORILLA perched atop a parked car.

Stepping in line behind MR. PONYTAIL, RAILLY checks her watch again. Then, MR. PONYTAIL, having paid, turns to go and RAILLY looks up and sees his face, though it is not visible to us.

Startled, RAILLY frowns. Does she know this man?

MR. PONYTAIL pauses for a moment, considering the babe in the shades, gaudy earrings, the tight skirt, and high heels.

RAILLY doesn't recognize the man, but we do! He's DR. MASON'S ASSISTANT, DR. PETERS...the man who attended RAILLY's lecture!

Smiling, DR. PETERS steps around RAILLY and exits the Gift Shop.

Still puzzled, RAILLY puts her purchases on the counter and the CLERK starts ringing them up as a DELIVERY MAN comes in and drops a bundle of newspapers at her feet.

RAILLY'S POV: the front page shows a photo of three frightened GIRAFFES in freeway gridlock under a headline proclaiming,"TERRORISTS CREATE CHAOS". Further down are two more photos...DR. MASON in the gorilla cage and a file photo of DR. MASON in his lab.

CLOSE ON THE SHOT OF DR. MASON in his lab. There's someone else in the picture. It's a man wearing a lab coat and a PONYTAIL!

ANGLE ON RAILLY, reacting, suddenly remembering!

MEMORY FLASHBACK! INT. RECEPTION ROOM/BREITROSE HALL - NIGHT

RAILLY looks up from the book she's signing and sees DR. PETERS.

DR. PETERS
Isn't it obvious that "Chicken Little" represents the sane vision and that Homo Sapiens' motto, "Let's go shopping!" is the cry of the true lunatic?

INT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

RAILLY, stunned, stares in the direction PETERS/PONYTAIL went.

RAILLY
Oh, my God!

P.A. SYSTEM
-- flight 784 for San Francisco is now ready for boarding at Gate 38.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

In the confusion of TRAVELERS streaming in different directions, COLE hurries toward the Gift Shop while JOSE struggles to keep up.

JOSE
Come on, Cole, don't be an asshole.
(then, blurting it out)
Look, I got orders, man! You know what I'm sposed to do if you don't go along? I'm sposed to shoot the lady! You got that? They said, "If Cole don't obey this time, Garcia, you gotta shoot his girlfriend!"

COLE stops in his tracks, blown away, too stunned to speak.

JOSE
I got no choice, man. These are my orders. Just take it, okay?

COLE accepts the gun this time, resigned now. They've got him.

COLE
This part isn't about the virus, is it?

JOSE
Hey, man...

COLE
It's about obeying, about doing what you're told.

JOSE
They gave you a pardon, man. Whatdaya want?

COLE
Who am I supposed to shoot?

Just then, RAILLY rushes up to COLE, not even noticing JOSE.

RAILLY
James! Thank God! I thought you'd disappeared. Listen, I think I know who it is! I saw him. It's Dr. Mason's assistant. An apocalypse nut! The next flight to San Francisco leaves from Gate 38. If he's there, it has to be him.

JOSE, having heard this, steps back into the crowd as RAILLY grabs COLE and pulls him toward the Security Check Points.

COLE
I love you, Kathryn. Remember that.

She doesn't hear him or see the look of doom in his eyes.

RAILLY
Maybe we can stop him. Maybe we can actually do something.

INT. SECURITY CHECK POINT/TERMINAL - DAY

A young boy of nine passes through the magnetic arch grinning. YOUNG COLE! Exactly as he appears in the dream!

He joins his PARENTS, who are only visible from their chests down, and they continue along the concourse. WE LINGER and DISCOVER two DETECTIVES watching TRAVELERS as they pass through

the magnetic arch and retrieve their bags from the X-ray machine, comparing their faces to photos of COLE and RAILLY.

ANGLE ON A SECURITY OFFICER, watching the X-ray monitor.

ANGLE ON THE MONITOR, showing the X-RAY IMAGE of a sports bag moving along the conveyer belt. The bag contains some strange objects.

ANGLE ON THE SECURITY OFFICER, reacting.

SECURITY OFFICER
Excuse me, sir. Would you mind letting me have a look at the contents of your bag?

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, coming through the magnetic arch, reacting.

DR. PETERS
Me? Oh, yes, of course. My samples. I have the appropriate papers.

INT. END OF LINE/SECURITY CHECK POINT

RAILLY AND COLE arrive at the very long suddenly stalled line of TRAVELERS waiting to pass through security.

RAILLY
Oh, God, we don't have time for this.

ANGLE ON THE SECURITY CHECK POINT, where DR. PETERS unpacks his Bulls Bag, pulls out six metal cylinders along with a change of clothes and a Walkman.

DR. PETERS
Biological samples. I have the paperwork right here.

DR. PETERS produces a sheaf of official papers while the SECURITY OFFICER examines one of the tubes, turning it over in his hands.

SECURITY OFFICER
I'm going to have to ask you to open this, sir.

DR. PETERS
Open it?
(blinks stupidly, then)
Of course.

DR. PETERS takes the metal cylinder and starts opening it.

There's a SOUND of VOICES RAISED behind them. DR. PETERS pays no attention, but the SECURITY OFFICER turns toward the NOISE.

SECURITY OFFICER'S POV: RAILLY, trying to explain something to a SECOND SECURITY OFFICE.

ANGLE ON THE TWO DETECTIVES, nearby, showing interest in the commotion.

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, oblivious to the fuss, pulling a closed glass tube out of the metal cylinder.

DR. PETERS
Here! You see? Biological! Check the papers -- it's all proper. I have a permit.

SECURITY OFFICER
It's empty!

Indeed, it looks like a sealed clear glass tube with nothing in it.

DR. PETERS
Well, yes, to be sure, it looks empty! But I assure you, it's not.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, at the end of the line, arguing with the SECOND SECURITY OFFICER.

RAILLY
Please listen to me -- this is very urgent!

SECOND SECURITY OFFICER
You'll have to get in line, ma'am.

TRAVELER
We're all in a hurry, lady. What's so special about you?

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, producing the glass tubes from the other metal cylinders as the SECURITY OFFICER examines the papers.

DR. PETERS
You see! Also invisible to the naked eye.

A beat. DR. PETERS grins suddenly, opens one of the glass tubes, and waves it under the SECURITY OFFICER'S nose.

DR. PETERS
It doesn't even have an odor.

The SECURITY OFFICER glances up, sees what DR. PETERS is doing, and smiles as he hands the papers back to the scientist.

SECURITY OFFICER
That's not necessary, sir. Here you go. Thanks for your cooperation. Have a good flight.

Hastily, DR. PETERS snatches up all the tubes and cylinders and shoves them back into his gym bag.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, raging as the SECOND SECURITY OFFICER jabs her with his finger.

SECOND SECURITY OFFICER
Who are you calling a "moron"?

COLE
Get your hands off her!

The SECOND SECURITY OFFICER stiffens for trouble.

ANGLE ON THE DETECTIVES, watching the fuss, ready to get involved. Suddenly, the FIRST DETECTIVE frowns.

FIRST DETECTIVE'S POV: COLE'S moustache is slipping. COLE senses it, reaches up to touch it, catches the DETECTIVE'S look. For half a second their eyes meet, then COLE looks away.

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, hurrying away.

SECURITY OFFICER'S VOICE (o.s.)
HOLD IT! JUST A MOMENT.

DR. PETERS freezes, turns, ashen.

The SECURITY OFFICER is retrieving a pair of jockey shorts from the floor beside the search table. He waves them at DR. PETERS.

DR. PETERS hurries back for his underpants.

ANGLE ON COLE, trying to keep his head turned away as he confronts the SECURITY OFFICER.

COLE
I said, get your hands off her. She's not a criminal. She's a doctor...a psychiatrist.

RAILLY looks alarmed at that.

ANGLE ON THE DETECTIVES, coming this way. The FIRST DETECTIVE has the photos in his hand.

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, bagging his jockey shorts, then starting hastily down the windowed concourse toward the gates.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, suddenly spotting DR. PETERS!

RAILLY
THERE HE IS! HE'S CARRYING A DEADLY VIRUS! STOP HIM!

ANGLE ON COLE, following RAILLY'S look, seeing MR. PONYTAIL <u>THE MAN FROM HIS DREAM</u>!

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, frightened, glancing back, walking faster.

RAILLY (o.s.)
PLEASE, SOMEBODY -- STOP HIM!

ANGLE ON DETECTIVES, reaching RAILLY and COLE.

FIRST DETECTIVE
(raising his badge)
Police Officers. Would you step over here, please.

ANGLE ON COLE, spotting something behind the DETECTIVES!

COLE'S POV: SCARFACE, dressed like a "businessman"! He gives COLE a cold look.

A beat. COLE lunges at the SECOND DETECTIVE, knocking him off balance, then sprints toward the magnetic arch and through it.

The ALARM goes off!!!!

The FIRST SECURITY OFFICER tries to stop COLE, but COLE knocks him aside like a rag doll.

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, fifty yards up the concourse, glancing back.

ANGLE ON COLE, pulling his pistol.

ANGLE ON THE SECOND SECURITY OFFICER.

FIRST SECURITY OFFICER
HE'S GOT A GUN!

ANGLE ON THE FIRST DETECTIVE, raising his pistol at COLE.

FIRST DETECTIVE
STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!

ANGLE ON COLE, gun in hand, sprinting along the concourse toward DR. PETERS as frightened TRAVELERS SCREAM and dive for cover.

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, standing at a concourse window, watching a plane land, flanked by his parents whose faces we don't see. IT'S SUDDENLY AS IF THE DREAM IS HAPPENING IN REAL LIFE!!! THE SAME MOMENTS INTERSPERSED WITH "NEW" MOMENTS FROM THE POV OF YOUNG COLE who, hearing the commotion, turns just as DR. PETERS hurries by. DR. PETERS bumps into YOUNG COLE and reacts by pulling his Bulls bag close to his body and calling...

DR. PETERS
WATCH IT!

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, wide eyed, watching...

YOUNG COLE'S POV: a BLONDE MAN, dashing up the concourse, his moustache slipping over his lip, a pistol in his hand.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: the FIRST DETECTIVE aims, looking for a clear shot in the crowded passageway.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: a BRUNETTE in flashy clothes, gaudy earrings, high heels, and sun glasses SCREAMS...

BRUNETTE (RAILLY)
NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

YOUNG COLE'S POV: the FIRST DETECTIVE, firing! CRACK!

YOUNG COLE'S POV: the BLONDE MAN, shuddering, staggering, falling...

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, stunned, as his PARENTS try to shield him.

MOTHER'S VOICE (o.s.)
My God! They shot that man!

Mesmerized, YOUNG COLE watches the BRUNETTE rush to the BLONDE MAN, kneel beside him, minister to his bloody wound.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: the BLONDE MAN, fatalistically reaching up and tenderly touching the BRUNETTE'S cheek, touching her tears. (WE'VE SEEN THIS EXACT IMAGE IN COLE'S DREAM, A POWERFUL MOMENT, UNFOLDING UNNATURALLY SLOWLY, OPENING LIKE A FLOWER.)

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, not able to hear their words, but he can <u>see</u> the emotion as the BLONDE MAN tries to tell the sobbing BRUNETTE something.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: PARAMEDICS, breaking the spell, pushing the BRUNETTE aside as they crouch beside the BLONDE MAN.

FATHER'S VOICE (o.s.)
Come along, son, this is no place for us.

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, as his FATHER'S ARM drapes over his shoulder, steering him. YOUNG COLE turns to look back as he's led away.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: the PARAMEDICS, exchanging glances, shrugging helplessly. It's too late. The BLONDE MAN is dead.

YOUNG COLE sees the BRUNETTE, her face streaked with tears, suddenly turn and look around, scanning the crowd, searching for something. POLICE OFFICERS approach her, say something to her. Even as she responds, her eyes continue to scan the concourse.

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, being hurried toward the lobby by his PARENTS (whose faces remain out of view). He can't help sneaking another look back.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: POLICE, handcuffing a distracted, unresisting RAILLY. Even now, she continues to look around almost frantically.

Suddenly, her gaze falls on YOUNG COLE and she reacts...she's found what she's looking for!

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, reacting to the intensity of her look.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, her eyes speaking to the boy across the crowded concourse.

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, overwhelmed by the look.

FATHER'S VOICE (o.s.)
Hurry up, son.

With a last lingering look toward the mysterious BRUNETTE, YOUNG COLE turns away, tears welling in his eyes. WE MOVE IN...CLOSE... CLOSE...CLOSER...on his eyes. WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE TEAR MEANS, BUT THERE IS NO WAY TO TELL. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE IS THINKING, BUT WE KNOW VERY WELL WHAT HE WILL REMEMBER!

MOTHER'S VOICE (o.s.)
Pretend it was just a bad dream, Jimmy.

INT. 747 CABIN - DAY

DR. PETERS closes the door to the overhead luggage rack containing his Chicago Bulls bag and takes his seat. Next to him, a FELLOW TRAVELER, unseen, says...

FELLOW TRAVELER'S VOICE (o.s.)
It's obscene, all the violence, all the lunacy. Shootings even at airports now. You might say...we're the next endangered species...human beings!

CLOSE ON DR. PETERS, smiling affably, turning to his neighbor.

DR. PETERS
I think you're right, sir. I think you've hit the nail on the head.

DR. PETERS' POV: the FELLOW TRAVELER, a silver haired gentleman in a business suit, offering his hand congenially. DR. PETERS doesn't know who this man is, but we do. It's the ASTROPHYSICIST!

ASTROPHYSICIST
Jones is my name. I'm in insurance.

EXT. PARKING LOT/AIRPORT

As YOUNG COLE'S PARENTS (seen only as sleeves and torsos) usher YOUNG COLE into their station wagon, the boy hesitates, looks back, watches a 747 climb into the sky.

FADE OUT: